

"DAILY MIRROR" FASHION FAIR: HOLLAND PARK HALL
OPENING DAY MONDAY NEXT

The Daily Mirror 20

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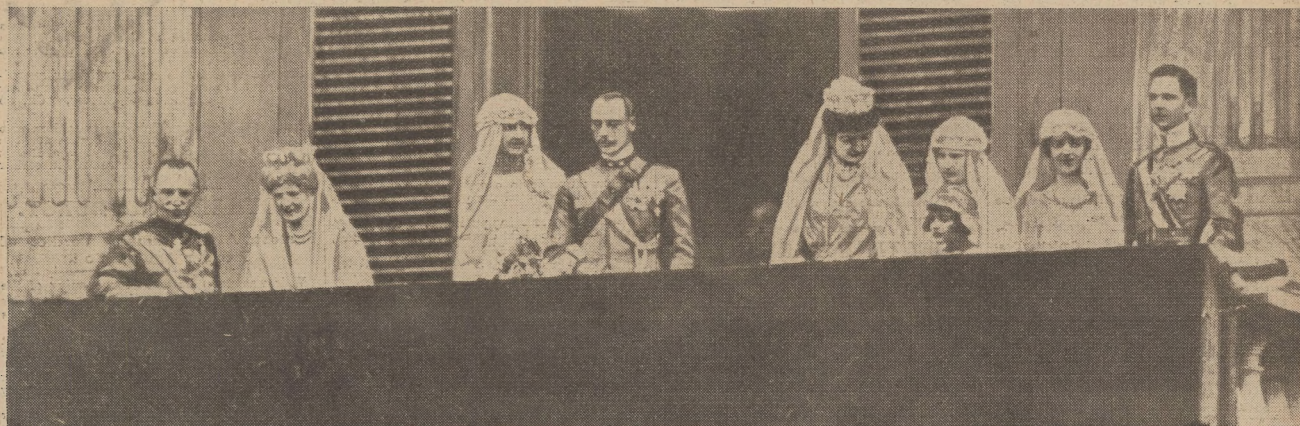
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THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1923

One Penny.

PRINCESS YOLANDA WEDS A CAVALRY CAPTAIN



The royal bride and bridegroom on the balcony of the Quirinal acknowledging the ovation accorded them by a great crowd assembled outside. Left to right: King Victor

Emmanuel, the Queen-mother Margherita, Princess Yolanda, Count Calvi di Bergolo, Queen Elena, the Princesses Mafalda, Giovanna and Maria and Prince Umberto.



Left to right, the Crown Prince of Italy, Princess Aage of Denmark, sister of the bridegroom, and the Countess di Bergolo, the bridegroom's mother, arriving for the ceremony.

With simple ceremony the wedding of Princess Yolanda, eldest daughter of the King of Italy, to Captain Count Calvi di Bergolo took place in the Pauline Chapel at the Quirinal, Rome, and was preceded by a civil marriage in the throne room.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

BACK FROM AFRICA



Miss Myrtle Farrington, the beautiful daughter of Mr. Alexander Farrington, who has just returned after a big game hunting expedition in Africa.

DUCHESS' HAT SECRET



The Duchess of Portland wearing a hat the feathers in which, as she confessed at an R.S.P.C.A. meeting, "are not from plumage birds, but are the feathers of a barndoor fowl," cleverly disguised.

BARONET SHOT



Sir John Dimsdale, Bart., whose body was found shot through the head in the churchyard at Seasalter Cross, near Whitstable, Kent.

HOME OF BEAUTY AT FASHION FAIR.

Spain, Venice and Paris
to Reveal Secrets.

LURE OF PERFUMES. "Daily Mirror" Exhibition of World's Dress Charms.

Every woman will learn something new about beauty at *The Daily Mirror* International Fashion Fair, which opens at Holland Park Kink on Monday next.

Spain, Venice, Paris—the newest country and the oldest—will teach in terms of beauty. From all over the world the mysterious processes that give tone to the skin, brightness to the eyes, beauty to the complexion, are being arranged on backgrounds of rare loveliness.

The dress parade will provide wonders of fashion that every woman must see—exquisite creations from the world's greatest experts.

CHATS ON COMPLEXIONS.

Famous Expert Who Will Give Advice
Free of Charge.

From Spain come the secrets of Carlotta Destino—the Crema la Camelia and Flores de Espana, with their soothing perfumed delicacy. From France, Roger and Gallet, of Paris, the lip salves and creams, the powders and pastilles and pastes that make the Parisienne the mistress of the art of make-up.

Hera contributes loveliness in the art boxes, flacons and jars that have made the name famous in the Far East and the Far West. That eminent beauty specialist, friend and confidante of celebrities from every country, Mme. Scott Rowland, has a stand where free advice on matters of complexion and on the much-needed spring-cleaning of the skin will be given by Lady Standing and other experts. Mrs. Hemming is another expert who will be giving something for nothing—her famous booklet on the preservation of beauty.

WONDERFUL DRESS PARADE.

The best of both worlds of fashion will be seen when the lovely mannequins of Paul Caret are introduced to a waiting crowd by the Dame Fashion who will preside over the Dress Parade—a brilliant feature of the Fashion Fair. Paul Caret is the pseudonym of Lady Egerton, who started the business during the war to give employment to refugees.

Now she has a salon in the Rue Royale in Paris, as well as in Orchard Road, and her customers come from all over the world.

Women who have exaggerated ideas of the cost of permanent waving and the time it takes will learn all about it at the stall of Eugene, who has discovered a new process which takes only two and a half hours and is absolutely safe. The Irish Free State is sending to the Fashion Fair an interesting exhibit.

Twelve dyed with native vegetable dyes are exquisitely coloured and luxuriously soft. Irish linen and embroidery, lace, crochet, and even silk will be shown as well as her famous poplins.

VENETIAN BEAUTIES.

Venice! There is glamour of gleaming water, blue sky, age-tarnished metal balconies set against treasure houses of beauty in the very name of that magic city.

A link between the Venetians and the palaces of the Doges will be found at Fashion Fair.

This link will be created by Tiziana, who will show Venetian shawls, Italian furniture and ornaments and stained glass, combined with clever adaptations of the Venetian and forms dear to Venetian women of bygone years, and which are suitable to the different style of Britain's modern woman.

ROYAL BRIDAL GIFTS.

Many Deputations to Duke of York
and Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon.

The Duke of York and Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon spent a busy day yesterday receiving deputations who brought them wedding gifts. The Lord Provost of Edinburgh and many civic dignitaries presented an address from the citizens of Edinburgh.

The last ceremony was a deputation, representing 40,000 boys of the Y.M.C.A. from all parts of the country. An address was read and a hunting-crop, bearing the Duke's initial and "Good Hunting," was presented.

Although the dominant note of Lady Elizabeth's trousseau is simplicity, the future Duchess of York has many hats. They range from the simplest Bangkok straw trimmed with a small cockatoo of ribbon to wide-brimmed crimoline straw wreathed with exquisitely made flowers of many colours.

ABANDONED BABY DEAD.

For the third time Leonidas Leondopolis, 34, a Greek of independent means, and Julia, Stillwell, 23, a shop assistant, both of Chelsea, yesterday appeared at Acton on a charge of abandoning a male baby, aged one month.

A detective stated that the child had died, and that an inquest will be held to-day.

DOG AS WITNESS.

Pekinese Walks Up to the
Judge To Be Petted.

DISPUTE ABOUT LEGS.

Pekie Clan Wee Wu, a Pekinese dog, walked up to Mr. Justice Shearman's desk in the King's Bench Division yesterday, stood there for a moment while the Judge patted him, then walked up and down the floor of the court.

Wee Wu was the subject of a slander action, and he had been brought to court for the Judge's inspection.

Mrs. Edith Conway Evans, of Askew-mansions, Shepherd's Bush, brought the action against Mr. Theo. Marples, editor of the paper, "Our Dogs," who, she alleged, described her dog in a report as "unsound on all his legs."

Wee Wu lay quietly on the ledge of the witness-box while his mistress gave her evidence. She said she paid £52 10s. for the dog, and he had always been in good health and full of fun. He had taken several prizes.

Mr. Justice J. Selby, veterinary surgeon to the King, said the dog was weak in the forelegs. If he had been sound he would have galloped upstairs when his mistress called him, but, Mr. Sewell alleged, when he examined the dog, he refused to run upstairs.

Before the hearing was adjourned counsel for plaintiff said he would call a number of other witnesses to give evidence about the dog.

"We shall have a show day to-morrow," declared Mr. Justice Shearman.

DEATH INTERVENES.

Tragedy Stops Plans for Celebration
of Golden Wedding.

Preparations to celebrate the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. John Huntley, of Overton, Wiltshire, have been ended by the tragic death of Mrs. Huntley.

Her husband found her dead on the bedroom floor, with the bedclothes in flames.

Mr. Huntley was formerly an inspector in the Metropolitan Police.

DOCTOR WHO LEFT WIFE.

Story of Infatuation for Nurse at
Hospital Where He Was Surgeon.

When Sir Henry Duke yesterday granted a decree of restitution of conjugal rights to Mrs. Dora Adeline Biggs, of Marlborough-mansions, Hampstead, she stated that she married Dr. Arthur Cecil Barker Biggs in October, 1911, and lived happily with him until 1921.

Then she taxed him with his changed manner towards her, and he admitted that he was in love with Miss Nora Kirby, a nurse at a hospital in the Finchley-road, where he was acting as surgeon, and could not give her up.

Ultimately he went to Canada to see if he could get over his infatuation. A few days after he returned he went away and refused to come back. She found some letters from Miss Kirby in his suitcase.

BAGPIPES AT WEDDING.

Highland Atmosphere at Marriage of
Sir Cecil Fitch's Daughter.

Only nine weddings took place in London yesterday. Of these the more interesting were those of Mr. Robert Ingham Clark, Argyll and Sutherland, Highlanders, and Miss Audrey Fitch, at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster. The bride was given away by her father, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Cecil Fitch, K.B.E.

The pipe-major of the bridegroom's regiment piped the happy couple from the church, and played again at the reception held afterwards at the Hyde Park Hotel. The eight bridesmaids wore picture blue dresses, and Master Ian Mackenzie wore the Mackenzie tartan kilt.

Mr. Justice Darling's daughter, Miss Diana Darling, was among the ten bridesmaids to attend Miss Cecilia Whitehead, elder daughter of Sir Beetham and the Hon. Lady Whitehead, who married Mr. Guy Boaz at All Saints' Church, Milford-on-Sea, yesterday.

Mr. E. Taylor Platt, who is secretary of the West End Managers' Association, and has made recent protest against the broadcasting of plays from London theatres, was married yesterday afternoon, at St. Martin-in-the-Fields Church, Trafalgar-square, to Miss Edith Maligny. The bride is known on the stage as Miss Hilda Glynn, and has appeared in "Skittles."

WIDOW'S TRAGIC FATE.

An invalid from neurasthenia, Mrs. Anna Maria Bennett, aged sixty-three, a widow, of 162, Belsize-road, Kilburn, was found by her niece dead in bed with a wound in her throat.

LANDSDOWNE HOUSE BALL.

A ball, organised by the Marchioness Curzon of Kedleston, will be held at Lansdowne House on April 26 in aid of Queen Victoria's Jubilee Institute for Nurses.

PEER'S PIT-BOY GUEST.

Scotland's pit-boy, John Neil, of Hamilton, who has been selected to attend the royal wedding, is to be the guest while in London of Lord Invermairn.

GIRL SNATCHER.

Mystery Cyclist's Attempt to
Abduct Child.

FATHER'S NIGHT CHASE.

A remarkable story of the attempted abduction of a little girl is reported from Cardiff.

It is stated that on Monday night Eileen Howell, aged nine, living in Dalton-street, was snatched from the pavement opposite her father's house by a man on a bicycle and carried away.

After an alarm had been raised the girl's father gave chase, and finally the stranger hastily put down the child and rode off.

The story, as told by Eileen, a fair-haired intelligent girl, was that she was standing with other children at the corner of Minny-street about 7 p.m. when a young man with a bicycle asked her to show him where Roath Park was. She replied that she did not know, whereupon he picked her up, placed her on the handlebars of his bicycle, and rode off up Cathays-terrace and down Fairpark-road.

The worried father ran along the streets calling his daughter's name at the top of his voice, and eventually found himself in Fairpark-road, where he was surprised to hear Eileen answering some distance away: "Here I am, father. Come quick."

He was unable to overtake the cyclist seen ahead, but continued the pursuit in the direction of Roath Park.

Finding he was being pursued, the man made haste to put the child down near Three Arches, saying: "I will see you again."

He then pedalled away into the dark at top speed.

The affair was reported to the police, but no arrest has yet been made.

"FAMILY SQUABBLE."

Captain Apologises for Alleged
Assault in Chelsea Flat.

The summons issued at the instance of Mrs. Herbert Arkwright, of Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, against Captain William Selby-Lowndes, of the Hussars, for assault, was withdrawn yesterday when a letter of apology from Captain Selby-Lowndes was read in Westminster Police Court.

When the case was before the magistrate a week ago it was stated the affair arose from a family squabble. The defendant on that occasion expressed his wish to apologise for the incident, but did not admit assault.

THEATRICAL LOSSES.

Official Receiver on "Get-Rich-Quick
Desire" of Herman Darewski.

Discharge from bankruptcy, subject to a suspension of three years, was granted at the London Bankruptcy Court yesterday to Mr. Herman Darewski, the well-known music composer. The Official Receiver said the estate was expected to realise £150. No dividend could be paid.

Insolvency was attributed to excessive interest and losses on theatrical ventures at Southend, excessive interest on borrowed money, and liabilities as guarantor.

Household and personal expenditure, charitable and income tax and life assurance premiums amounted to £16,826, entertainment and business expenses to £6,510, interest to money-lenders and bankers £12,928, and losses on dances arranged at the Piccadilly Hotel £2,500.

The total was £26,000, as against income from salary and royalties of £18,321.

"The statement of the debtor," commented the Official Receiver, "might be interpreted by the inspiration of either personal vanity or a speculative desire to get rich quickly by extravagant self-advertisement."

Whatever was the motive, the result came speedily in bankruptcy with a deficiency of £40,000.

CRUELTY TO ROOK.

Story of Maimed "Scarecrow" That
Was Tethered for Three Days.

For cruelty to a rook, George Richman, a market gardener, was fined £2 at Hull yesterday.

After shooting the bird he tethered it in a maimed condition to a stake in the ground for three days in winter, it was stated, to scare other rooks. A constable killed the bird.

DEGRADATION OF THE DOLE.

At a city inquest yesterday on Edward Kemp Smith, formerly a boxmaker, of Gerrard-street, Islington, who was found drowned, it was stated that he had no employment pay, but he said that the dole got on his nerves, and he thought he was lowering himself to take it.

** The finals of "The Daily Mirror" All-British Table Tennis Championship will be held on May 1 and 2 (see Page 19).

INJURED WOMAN IN INQUEST SCENE.

Victim's Story of Shots
from Window.

HOW BROTHER DIED

Cry of Fear at Mention of
Alleged Assassin.

Distressing scenes were witnessed at the resumed inquest at Brighton yesterday on Albert Parkes, who was shot dead in his garden on March 11.

His sister, Miss Emily Parkes, who was severely wounded at the same time, was brought in a motor-car from hospital to the coroner's court.

She was carried into court, twitching convulsively and clasping her wounded arm to her chest; she exclaimed repeatedly, "Oh, do be quick."

Archibald Westropp Weir, the ex-soldier, who is charged with the murder of Parkes and the attempted murder of Miss Parkes and of Ernest William Sandham, had been remanded earlier in the day until this morning.

MOTHER'S OUTBURST.

Protest After Inquest Verdict of
Murder Against Son.

Weir was not present at the opening of the inquest, but was represented by a solicitor.

When his name was mentioned Miss Parkes asked piteously, "Is he here?"

She appeared to be in a state of terror, but became calmer when she was assured that Weir was not present.

Miss Parkes clung tightly to the arm of her chair as she told, between her sobs, the story of the tragedy.

She described how while she and her brother were attending to the fowls in their back garden she felt a stinging pain in the left arm. She called her brother, who rushed to her assistance. There, he, too, was shot.

She ran into the house to get some brandy, when she saw her brother fall dead.

Miss Parkes' evidence occupied only a few minutes, and she then carried out of court.

WITNESS FEE REFUSED.

The jury having returned a verdict of Wilful Murder against Weir, he was brought into court. He heard the verdict composed, but his mother exclaimed, "It is wicked! My son would never have done it if he had been in his right mind."

When Mr. Weir was offered her witness fee she refused it, saying, "I don't want it. It is blood money. Give it to the poor-box."

Evidence given at the opening of the inquest on March 14 was to the effect that Weir fired a double-barrelled gun from his bedroom window at Mr. and Miss Parkes in their garden next door, and another neighbour, Mr. Sandham.

The police found Weir in his room suffering from the effects of cyanide. He said he had taken cyanide of potassium and spirits of salt, and he was removed to hospital, where he recovered.

In the house was found a large number of sporting cartridges in which ball charges had been inserted.

It has been stated that Weir was for some time in an asylum, suffering from melancholia, delusions and suicidal tendencies.

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

Lighting-up time to-day is 7.48 p.m.

Lord Carnarvon's body will leave Alexandria for England to-day.—Exchange.

Food in Newspaper.—The Paris police are to prosecute salesmen serving food wrapped in newspaper.—Central News.

Wrangle's Fleet.—Twelve small vessels, formerly part of Wrangle's fleet, arrived yesterday at Marseilles to be sold.—Central News.

Cut off by snow.—While Paris has warm weather, snowstorms on the Choula Plateau, in Upper Arige, have cut off two villages.—

General Harrington at Cannes.—Lieutenant-General Sir Charles and Lady Harrington have arrived at Cannes on a fortnight's visit.—Reuter.

Mothers' Fram Race.—Application by the N.S.P.C.C. for summary judgment in connection with the perambulator race to Brighton will be made there to-day.

Lenin's Health.—A Moscow bulletin regarding Lenin, received yesterday in London, states that "the internal complication is now practically eliminated."

In Artist's Memory.—Sir Aston Webb, P.R.A., was among those who attended a service yesterday at St. James', Piccadilly, in memory of Mr. Edwin Bale, R.I.

P.O. Sex Equality.—A resolution in favour of equal pay for equal work, effective of sex, was passed at Glasgow yesterday by the Postal Controlling Officers' Association.

Arrested in a Train.—George Williams was remanded at Windermere yesterday on a charge of stealing jewellery value £3,000 from visitors at a Bowness, Windermere, house.

Death in Omnibus.—Ernst Wolfsthal, a musician, sixty-three, of Hildrop-precinct, Camden Town, died in a bus while talking to a friend, it was stated yesterday at a St. Pancras inquest.

WILD SCENES IN COMMONS: SITTING SUSPENDED

Continuous Tumult as Sequel to Government's Defeat Forces Speaker to Act.

M.P.s IN UGLY SCUFFLE NEAR THE MACE.

Labour Member Accuses Front Bencher of Striking Him and Tries to Hit Back.

As a result of tumultuous scenes in the Commons yesterday evening the Speaker suspended the sitting for an hour.

The scenes arose out of the snap division by which the Government were defeated on Tuesday night. Labour members wanted an immediate statement as to the grievances of ex-Service men in the Civil Service. The Chancellor promised one to-day. As members trooped out a scuffle broke out near the Mace. A Labour member accused a member of the Front Bench of striking him and made some attempt to strike back. A second tussle developed behind the Speaker's chair.

In the first scuffle both Mr. Baldwin, the Chancellor, and Mr. Ramsay Macdonald intervened, and one Labour member "broke away."

FRESH TUSSLE BEHIND SPEAKER'S CHAIR

Labour Party Sing 'Red Flag' in the House.

MINISTERS WALK OUT.

Excitement ran high in the Commons yesterday following Tuesday night's defeat of the Government by seven votes on a "snap" division forced by the Labour Party.

On behalf of Mr. Bonar Law, the Chancellor of the Exchequer moved: "That this House will to-morrow resolve itself into the Committee of Supply."

This was the way out of the situation created by the Government defeat.

In reply to Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, the Speaker ruled that the new motion was not a case of repetition.

Mr. Baldwin said that what really happened was that the Government was caught napping. The decision on Tuesday night was no proof at all that the Government had lost the confidence of the House.

M.P.s SHOUTED DOWN.

Dr. Macnamara rose to ask a question, when there was a considerable interruption and uproar. Mr. Lees Smith, another speaker, was subjected to a great deal of the political capital you made out of them. What we did for them was because they were bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh.

Sir F. Banbury rose to a point of order, but he was immediately shouted down, and he resumed his seat.

Mr. Jack Jones declared that the Labour Party had never tried to make capital out of ex-Service men. (Ministerial cries of "Oh!") "No," continued the hon. member, "we made a present to you of the political capital you made out of them. What we did for them was because they were bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh."

"Ninety per cent. of them belong to our ranks. They are brothers. You are the manufacturers of their destiny; you are the people who sent them to their death. (Ministerial cries of "Oh!") and Labour cries of "Yes!")

"NOT GOOD ENOUGH!"

The Speaker intervened and said the subject raised was not the motion before the House. Mr. Baldwin promised to look into this matter of the Lytton entrants (ex-Service men) and to make a statement at the beginning of business to-day.

"Not good enough!" was the cry of a Labour member.

Mr. Lansbury: You ask us to wait until to-morrow. If we have got to wait until to-morrow, let us go home. (Vociferous Labour cheers.) I ask the Chancellor of the Exchequer to give us his statement to-night.

Mr. Baldwin was understood to move that the motion be now put.

"RED FLAG" SUNG.

The Speaker at once rose, and there was a terrific noise from the Labour benches. Above the din could be heard the cries of "Answer!" from Labour members and "Vote!" from the Government benches.

The Prime Minister left the House, and he was followed by other Ministers. Labour altered their cry to "Adjourn!" and then suddenly one of them started the singing of the "Red Flag." The refrain was taken up with great gusto by a large number of members.

The leader of the Labour Party sat impassively on the front bench.

The Speaker stood for some minutes, but it was impossible to hear what he said. While the Ministerialists filed out into the division lobbies, the Labour and Liberal members sat in their places.

The Speaker continued standing, but the Opposition defied him, and Mr. Lansbury kept up a running cry of "Adjourn!" Eventually the Speaker asked hon. members to follow the principles of their leaders.

Another outbreak of incoherent shouting followed. Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Shinwell and others standing and hurling remarks across to the Government benches.

When the Speaker was able to make himself heard in a moment of comparative quietness, he said: "I have declared that the Ayes have it."

The uproar broke out afresh, and Mr. Will Thorne stood shouting wildly across the floor.

Mr. Thorne shouted to the Speaker: "In face of the excitement, will you adjourn the House for the time being?"

The Speaker replied that it would be a very bad thing for the House to have to adjourn because of the disorderly behaviour, and he begged hon. members to preserve order.

Mr. Shinwell asked whether, having regard to the fact that the Government, having been defeated on an important issue, it ought not to accept the consequences and give the pledge regarding the ex-Service men asked for.

The Speaker: I should say they have accepted the consequences. They have already lost one day of parliamentary time, and they stand to-morrow to be shot at again.

Disorder broke out afresh.

STRUGGLING M.P.s.

Chancellor and Labour Leader Intervene in Tussle Near Mace.

Mr. Pretyman rose, but was greeted with angry cries which gradually resolved into a continuous chorus of "Sit down!"

Mr. Ramsay Macdonald then rose and said: "The unfortunate thing is that my friends are following a precedent set by the other side, but may I appeal in the interests of this House to the Government to give us a more definite statement than they have given?"

The Speaker, at a few minutes before six o'clock, rose in the midst of the turmoil and said, in a low voice: "I think the better course will be for me to adjourn the House for an hour."

Exultant cries from the Labour members greeted the announcement, and members were leaving their seats when an exciting incident occurred.

A group of Labour members suddenly dashed across the floor near the Speaker's Chair and confronted a knot of Ministerialists, among whom were Mr. Ormsby-Gore and Colonel Walter Guinness.

Suddenly a fist shot out close to Mr. Ormsby-Gore's head. He put up his arms to ward off the blow, and Mr. Ramsay Macdonald and Mr. Baldwin endeavoured to intervene.

"If it's a scrap you want, come outside!" shouted a commander, Eyres Monsell, and Mr. Buchanan, one of the Glasgow Labour group, ran behind the Speaker's Chair, crying out, "There he goes!"

A scuffle ensued, the sequel of which was lost to the Press Gallery.

In the corridors though the echoes of angry cries continued to reach the Chamber after most of the members had left.

When the House reassembled at 7 p.m., the Speaker said in view of grave disorders having arisen he adjourned the House. Members then left the Chamber.

MASSACRE BY TURK REBELS.

Arrest of Boat Raiders Who Killed Italians and Greeks on Island.

ATHENS, Wednesday.

A telegram from Rhodes announces that Turkish irregulars in several boats raided Kaselozzo, the small island off the south coast of Asia Minor.

After assassinating the Italian garrison and a number of Greek notables, they took possession of the civil administration.

The Rhodes authorities immediately dispatched forces to the island and had the irregulars placed under arrest.



Mr. T. A. Lewis, M.P. for the University of Wales, responded to the Viceroy's address after an operation in London.



Sir Joseph John Thomson, discoverer of the electron, has been awarded the John Scott and Franklin Medals.

DE VALERA'S CHIEF OF STAFF DIES OF WOUNDS.

Lynch as Strongest Enemy of Irish Peace.

OUTLOOK NOW BRIGHTER.

It was officially reported in Dublin yesterday that Liam Lynch, Chief of Staff of the Irish irregulars, who was wounded and captured near Clonmel, has died.

The death of Liam Lynch is expected to have a considerable effect in hastening the end of the conflict.

He was the strongest influence against peace in the irregular executive, and was mainly responsible for the defeat of the recent surrender proposal.

Few active Republican leaders are now left, and the chances of peace have appreciably strengthened.

De Valera and Dan Breen, it is understood, narrowly escaped capture when Liam Lynch was taken prisoner.

By an error of a photographic agency, a photograph which appeared in *The Daily Mirror* yesterday was stated to be that of Liam Lynch.

Six Irish Executions.—Six men were executed yesterday at Tuam National Military Barracks, after having been captured with arms in their possession.

BEET SUGAR DUTY.

Official Statement That Remission Will Be Continued.

"The beet industry is the one bright spot in our agriculture," said Sir Francis Floud, Permanent Under-Secretary of Agriculture, at a luncheon of the Sugar Beet-Growing Society yesterday.

He said he was authorised to state that the remission of duty on beet sugar would be continued.

GERMAN FISH DUMPING.

Mr. Baldwin Says Bill to Stop It Would Not Be Acceptable.

In the Commons yesterday Mr. Edmund Harmsworth inquired whether the Premier would bring in a Bill to prohibit German boats from dumping fish on English ports and markets.

Mr. Baldwin replied that he understood the proposal would not have the support of all branches of the fishing industry.

PRINCE RACING AGAIN.

Second Place in a Hunt Meeting Race After a Stout Fight.

The Prince of Wales attended the Vale of White Horse Hunt meeting yesterday at Castle Hill, Blenheim, near Swindon, and entered two horses, Little Favourite and Little Christy—for the members' light-weight race. He rode Little Christy.

There were thirteen runners, and the Prince's mount, which appeared to take more kindly to racing than in his last two public outings, put up a stout fight.

The race was eventually won by Captain N. K. Worthington. Little Christy finished second.

RUHR POLICY UNCHANGED.

Mr. Baldwin's Commons Reply—French Premier's Statement.

"The answer is in the negative," said Mr. Stanley Baldwin in the Commons yesterday when Mr. Becker asked if, as a result of the conversations with M. Loucheur, the Government contemplated abandoning its present policy of friendly neutrality towards France and of assuming a policy of supporting her in the Ruhr.

According to the Central News, the *Petit Journal* announces that M. Poincaré will make a statement at Dunkirk on Sunday on French policy regarding reparations. M. Loucheur will be present.

NURSE'S TRAGIC FATE—ON EVE OF WEDDING.

Hammer - Blows Death After Ordering Dress.

WIDOW FRIEND CHARGED.

Court Tale of Confession By Ex-Asylum Patient.

A twenty-four-year-old nurse, Ada Bradley, of 5, Worrall-road, Wadsley, who was about to be married and was measured for her wedding dress last Saturday, was the victim of a terrible tragedy early yesterday at Middlewood, a suburb of Sheffield.

She was found dead near a tram terminus and within a few yards of the entrance to the Wharmcliffe War Hospital, where she was on the staff. Her head had been battered, and there was a severe throat wound.

Immediately after the discovery Rose Artcliffe, thirty-four, a widow, with whom Nurse Bradley had lived, was arrested.

When charged later with murder she was remanded by the magistrates for a week.

TAKEN TO POLICE BY WORKMEN.

The tragedy occurred within a stone's throw of the tram terminus, where a car, nearly full of passengers, was standing at the time.

The people heard cries and sounds of quarrelling, and, rushing to the spot, saw Miss Bradley running down a hill, with Mrs. Artcliffe following.

Miss Bradley, who appeared to be dazed, finally stumbled and fell against a wall. She was terribly wounded in the head and throat. A hammer and a razor were found.

Nurses, who had hurried to the scene from Wadsley Asylum, took the injured girl away in a motor-sicar, and she died before reaching the institution.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Artcliffe was removed by two workmen, who put her in the tractor and had her driven to the police station, where she was taken into custody.

"CLOCK STRUCK AS I HIT HER."

Subsequently, dressed in a blue serge coat and a red frock, and hatless, Mrs. Artcliffe appeared before the magistrates.

When formally charged with murdering Miss Bradley, she replied in an unemotional voice: "Yes, sir."

Inspector Hughes stated that when he first charged her on suspicion with causing Miss Bradley's death at 5.30 a.m., Mrs. Artcliffe replied: "Not as soon as that. It was just striking a quarter to six when I hit her with the hammer."

After seeing Miss Bradley's body at Wadsley Asylum, he charged Mrs. Artcliffe with murder, and she answered, "Thank you."

Asked if she had any objection to being remanded, Mrs. Artcliffe, whose demeanour was quite calm, replied, after slight hesitation: "No, sir."

FRIENDSHIP STARTED IN ASYLUM.

Inspector Hughes also told the magistrates that Mrs. Artcliffe was formerly an inmate at the South Yorkshire Asylum, where, Miss Bradley nursed her, and she was discharged as cured in December, 1921.

A great affection had sprung up between her and Nurse Bradley, and for some months they had been living together.

It was the practice of Mrs. Artcliffe to accompany the nurse to her work in the morning, as the district was rather lonely, and to fetch her back in the evening.

Nurse Bradley was a pretty girl of engaging personality. Her fiancé was Corporal Walter Cooper, of the 1st Coldstream Guards, and they intended living at Tower Hill Barracks, London, after their marriage.

HOUSING BILL AT LAST.

Health Minister Promises to Issue It to M.P.s by To-Day.

Answering a question in the Commons yesterday, Mr. Neville Chamberlain said that the text of the Housing Bill would be in the hands of all members by this morning.

Mr. Trevelyan Thompson invited the Health Minister to include the parlour house in the housing subsidy scheme, and Mr. Chamberlain replied that the Government's object was to subsidise on the small type of house, which had not been built in any considerable numbers, and which offered least return to private enterprise.

Answering further questions, Mr. Chamberlain said he considered taking powers whereby empty dwellings houses might be rated and taxed so long as they were withheld from occupation, but he could not undertake to introduce legislation for the purpose.

Building Parley Resumed.—Negotiations between the two sides in the building dispute were resumed in London yesterday afternoon.

Many famous beauties keep their complexions fresh and natural in this same way

Every woman who has tried in vain to keep the shininess powdered from her face, or to tone down a spotty redness, has wondered how some women always keep their skin looking soft and smooth, yet never artificial.

Many famous beauties could tell them the simple way to remove these faults.

They have found a powder that *really* does all the things women most desire in a powder. So rich is Swan Down in adherent ingredients that it clings invisibly to the skin for hours.

So extra finely sifted, so perfectly matched to every feminine shade of skin, that it smooths on in an imperceptible film and cannot show. Because Swan Down is so perfectly formulated that it has the greatest sale of any face powder in Great Britain.

it can be sold for the surprisingly low price of 1s. a box. You will find Swan Down at every chemist's, perfumer's, and departmental store in the United Kingdom. Sole agents in the United Kingdom: Henry C. Quitch & Co., 4 & 5, Ludgate Square, E.C. 4.

Simple ways to keep your skin looking always soft and natural.

Don't use too tight a powder. Swan Down is made in five shades to suit every possible variation of skin colouring—Pink, Cream, Flesh, White and Brunette.

If your skin is rough, a touch of vanishing cream will smooth it so the powder will go on invisibly.

Powder carefully and evenly over the whole face. Powdering part of the face and not other parts gives a spotty appearance.



Peggy O'Neil finds Swan Down delightful. "Swan Down is so rich, so soft, so smooth."



Fay Compton says: "I use Swan Down myself and recommend it to my friends."

"TIZ" puts New Life in Sore, Aching Feet

Good-bye to the misery and cruel pain of aching, tender, swollen, perspiring feet. In a few minutes from the very first application of TIZ, joyful relief and comfort follows. Away go pains and aches—corns, bunions and chafing. TIZ gently draws out through the skin pores the acid and poison which cause the feet to swell, inflame and throb. TIZ turns sore, burning feet into happy, healthy feet.

You can walk, run or dance with perfect freedom and ease after using TIZ. Your shoes will feel easy and comfortable—no more agonising foot torture. Don't suffer another minute when you can get certain relief and cure so easy, quick and cheap with TIZ.

Get the genuine TIZ, 3d. size TIZ, the only foot remedy in the yellow box bearing the Government medicine stamp and signature of W. L. DODGE, Ltd., Barnes, S.W.13. All chemists.



SHERLEY'S WORM CAPSULES for Dogs.

A Certain Cure for a trouble that affects most dogs at times, causing DIARRHEA, LOSS OF CONDITION, SICKNESS, and a Staring Coat. Also

SHERLEY'S WORM CAPSULES for PUPPIES & TOY DOGS, and for Dogs of the size of Alredales and upwards.

SHERLEY'S WORM CAPSULES for LARGE DOGS.

ALL IN BOXES. Price 1/3, 2/6 & 6/3.

Of all Stores, Chemists and Corn Merchants.

A. F. SHERLEY & CO., Ltd., 18, MARSHALSEA RD., LONDON, S.E.1



Write for the useful Book

HINTS TO DOG OWNERS

Price 3d. Post free.



If you picked a pear—

—you would choose a good one.

You would leave the hard, small, green fruit, and carefully select a full-sized ripe pear, luscious and mellow.

But when you are buying canned fruit, you cannot see it. How are you to make sure of the quality? Remember that grocers sell many different qualities of canned fruit. If you merely ask for "a tin of peaches," or pears, or pineapple, you may get one of the inferior grades—hard, half ripe fruit in thin watery syrup.

But if you ask for "MY LADY" Fruit, you get guaranteed best grade.

Luscious fruit without blemish, packed straight from the tree in rich cane sugar syrup—pears that remind you of summer in a country orchard—apricots like those from a sun-baked wall—peaches surpassing the finest hothouse fruit—these are what you enjoy when you order "MY LADY" Fruits.

The varieties of "My Lady" are

Fruit Salad
Raspberries
Loganberries
Queenberries
Peaches
Pears
Apricots
Pineapples

Packed in the "KAN with the KUTTER KEY"

The name ANGUS WATSON Preserved Food means the best of its kind.

QUITE FREE

20 "Keep Smiling" real time-keeping Clocks sent every day, one each to the first 20 Ladies stating on a postcard the most nearly correct order of popularity of the eight varieties of "My Lady" Fruits. Your grocer's name and address (and your own) must be stated. Address p.c. to

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"MY LADY" FRUITS

£500 Guarantee of Quality. "MY LADY" Fruits are sold on honour under the "Angus Watson" absolute Guarantee that they are the choicest Orchard-picked Fruit in pure sugar syrup.

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GENTLY BUT FIRMLY FOR

Cadbury's KING GEORGE

1/- PER QR. LB.

ASSORTMENT

PER LB. 4/-

See the name "CADBURY" on every piece of Chocolate



No. 4627.—Patent 25; also made in Black and Nigger Glaze Kid and Grey and Nigger Glaze Calf at prices accordingly.

All interested should write for a copy of our latest illustrated list together with the name of the nearest Agent stocking Portland Shoes.

T. ROBERTS & SONS
Portland Shoe Works
LEICESTER

It's on foot you follow Fashion

WITHOUT good footwear—as good to look at as to wear—you cannot follow Fashion's train. The wisdom of going always Portland-shod is simply this—that a modest outlay enables you to maintain the mode with sound serviceable shoes. In "Portland" style and strength are inseparable.

Portland

A SHOE OF QUALITY

Ask for Portland by name at your shoe shop.



will combine a charming daintiness with perfect wearing and washing qualities. IF you make them in "TRICOLINE." In its bright, happy colours and lustrous finish is all the beauty of silk, without the expense.

"Tricoline" EQUAL TO SILK

is at once the most charming and suitable fabric for Ladies' Blouses, Dresses, Lingerie, Children's Frocks, etc., and is obtainable by the yard for home making-up, in a variety of fashionable stripes and a charming range of plain shades. "TRICOLINE" Blouses ready-to-wear are obtainable in all the newest styles and designs.

The genuine material bears the name "TRICOLINE" on the selvedge. Genuine "TRICOLINE" Blouses have the "TRICOLINE" Tag affixed.

"Beadora" The Novelty VOILE

A Beaded VOILE—light in weight and texture, yet durable to the extreme, and obtainable in a large range of delightful BEAD effects in latest shades and colourings. BEADS that will wash and iron without breaking and BEADS that will not rub off.

"TRICOLINE" and "BEADORA" VOILE can be obtained from leading Drapers throughout the Country.

If an difficulty, please write the Manufacturers: 13, TRICOLINE House, 19, Watling Street, London, E.C.1.

TRADE MARK



ESTAB. 1847.

To those suffering from Boils, Abscesses, Whitlows, Carbuncles, Piles, Fistula, Poisoned Wounds, or any Skin Disease, Eczema, Ringworm, etc., there is Nature's remedy in

BURGESS' LION OINTMENT.

It brings all the world's matter to the surface, and heals from underneath—not closing up to leave a scar. For that reason, it is the remedy for Bad Legs, Varicose Ulcers, etc.

Invaluable as a genuine household remedy for Cuts, Burns, Stings, etc. 1/- of ointment, from 10s. 4/-, 5/-, etc.

E. BURGESS, 69, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

Cycling

makes you feel young, look young and keep young

So buy a bicycle and let sunshine and the fragrant breeze of the countryside enhance your charms and keep you robust. You can easily afford to do so. Because you can obtain from us an exquisitely finished and beautifully decorated high grade No. 400 "Marvel" bicycle for £8 15s. cash, or a No. 400A Model on credit terms at pounds below shop prices.

Every Mead cycle is sent direct from factory packed free and carriage paid. Money refunded if you are not satisfied.

Write TO-DAY for artistically illustrated art catalogue.

Mead

Campany, Inc. (Dept. B620), Balaclava, Birmingham.

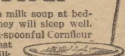


Children benefit

by the wholesome puddings made so easily and economically with

Brown & Polson's Corn Flour

Give them milk soup at bedtime and they will sleep well. One dessert-spoonful Corn Flour to a breakfast cupful of milk.



NORFOLK FARM STRIKERS GET NOTICE TO QUIT THEIR COTTAGES



Showing the secretary his notice to quit his cottage.



A striker distributing pamphlets in Norwich.

Many Norfolk strikers, to whom farmers' cottages were let for the period of their service, have received notice to quit because they have ceased to work. One of these (left picture) takes his notice to Mr. Lunn, the Union secretary.



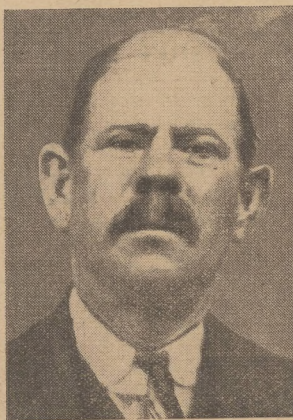
KILLED IN INDIA.—Major Fearnley Anderson, D.S.O., M.C., one of the two officers of the Seaforth Highlanders shot dead by Pathans on the Indian frontier. A rising is not expected.



HIS TRAVELLING WORKSHOP.—Mr. H. Bennett, of Torquay, has fitted a knife-grinder to his bicycle and thus it is his workshop as well as means of travel in search of jobs. He prefers enterprise to dependence on the dole.



SCHOOL CHAMPION.—D. G. White, aged sixteen, is the champion athlete at Bishop's Stortford College. He won the cross-country run as well as the mile and half-mile.



PLOUGHMAN'S PLUCK.—Mr. Wyatt, a farm labourer, aged sixty-four, of Walton-on-Naze, who left his plough and diving fully dressed into the sea saved man, wife and child.



Mr. L. S. Bayley, of St. Albans, has been missing since February, 1922. He has a n impediment in his speech.



Private J. Kidd, 10th Hussars, accidentally killed by a rifle shot during blank ammunition practice at Aldershot.

REMARKABLE SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.

HAIR GROWTH BY NUTRITION.

Already Endorsed by Over 750 Medical Men.

KEEP YOUR HAIR HEALTHY AND BEAUTIFUL.

Valuable Hair Health Booklet to be sent **FREE**.

A BRILLIANT discovery—the result of a world famous doctor's absorbing scientific research—brings at last within the reach of the tens of thousands who suffer from hair trouble, baldness or thinning of the hair a wonderful scientific treatment, the successful results of which have been vouched for not only by a great host of the public, but by leading medical men. It is a discovery that will preserve hair beauty as well as conquer hair troubles.

So important is this matter that arrangements have already been made immediately to publish in book form full particulars, which will be sent gratis and post paid to those who apply.

This new discovery is no mere hair tonic, wash or pomade to be rubbed on the head. Medical men have unanimously combined to explode the idea that such nostrums can really get at the base of hair troubles.

The new treatment, which many doctors of the highest standing have incorporated in their practice, is based on the obviously correct principle that to stop hair falling and to keep a healthy, abundant growth, it is absolutely essential to introduce into the system the peculiar and special elements that the hair needs for its very substance and general health and vitality.

These hair-growing and stimulating elements have at last as the result of long laboratory experiments and scientific research, been combined in one simple preparation known as "Humagsolan," and it has been proved conclusively that a course of treatment with this preparation should conquer the most difficult case.

In view of the continued success of "Humagsolan," when all other methods have failed, the restoration of hair in healthy abundance can practically be guaranteed to those who follow the treatment conscientiously.

It is very important for those who are worried not only with baldness and falling hair, but with other hair troubles, such as scurf, dandruff, greasy hair, patchy baldness, or hair that is splitting and generally out of condition, to obtain a copy of the booklet, which in very clear language tells all about "Humagsolan."

In addition to its unfailing success—

750 DOCTORS SAY YOU CAN GROW AND KEEP HEALTHY HAIR THIS SIMPLE WAY

—the "Humagsolan" treatment is simplicity itself. Just a few tablets to be taken daily after meals. They in no way interfere with digestion, indeed are easily and quickly assimilated, so that the hair commences to receive its specific nourishment immediately.



If when writing for a free copy of the booklet you care to state in confidence any particulars concerning the nature of your hair trouble, a personal letter of advice will accompany the booklet. This, of course, entails no obligation whatsoever.

Applications for copies of the "Humagsolan" booklet should be addressed to Messrs. Humagsolan Ltd., 7, Faraday House, 10, Charing Cross Rd., London, W.C.2. Chemists, Stores, etc., are invited to write for trade terms.

IF TROUBLED WITH LOSS OF HAIR, POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY

To Humagsolan, Ltd.,
7, Faraday House,
10, Charing Cross Rd., London, W.C.2

CUT
OUT
Dear Sirs.—Please forward a copy of your "Humagsolan" Booklet gratis and post paid, to
AND
Name

POST
Address

THIS
FORM
Please state whether Mrs., Miss, Mr., Rev., or title, and print name and address in block capitals.

HARRODS INVITATION to the FULL-FIGURED

AT 3 o'clock daily, for one week, beginning next Monday, April 16, Harrods Lady Corset Specialist will deliver a series of Private Lectures and give Demonstrations of incalculable value to every Full-figured Woman who attends.

Although there will be no charge of any kind, the intimate character of these Demonstrations makes it desirable to issue Special Tickets of Admission, and to limit these to 500 daily.

LIVING MODELS

These Lectures will reveal to all Full-figured Women how modern Scientific Corsetry can effect improvements in health, comfort, carriage and figural grace such as probably they never imagined possible.

Living Models specially chosen for their full figures will be used to illustrate the various points dealt with in the course of the Lectures, and the renowned

W.B. SUPER-REDUSO CORSETS

have been selected by Harrods Lady Corset Specialist for the purpose of these extremely interesting demonstrations.

5 DAYS ONLY APRIL 16-20

As the demand for tickets is sure to be overwhelming, and as only 500 are available for each day, be advised to apply by telephone, telegram or letter to-day to the Lady Corset Specialist at Harrods, giving, if possible, an alternative choice of dates for your visit.

HARRODS LTD Take the Tube to **LONDON SW 1**
Knightsbridge



How Charming!

That's the general remark concerning the complexion of the BARLEY KERNEL GIRL—because puddings made from BROWNS' BARLEY KERNELS are not only delicious, creamy and nutritious but are unique in flavour and by preventing kidney trouble, ensure a charming skin and complexion. Children and Adults who do not like rice or other milk puddings enjoy BROWNS' BARLEY KERNELS PUDDING.

Browns' Barley Kernels differ both in kind and quality from all other preparations of Barley on the market. Sold only in Branded Boxes by leading grocers.

One 8d. Box will make 10 Puddings.

W. & G. Brown,
Derby.

How to keep Blankets soft

Every woman wants to keep blankets as thick and soft and fleecy as when they were new. In other words, every woman wants to know about KURLO.

Here is the safe and simple way of washing blankets. Whip up the KURLO lather in comfortably warm water, work the blankets about in it, and rinse in three lots of tepid water. *Do not wring*, simply hang the dripping blankets in the open. The soft lather draws out the dirt without the least bit of shrinking.

The KURLO way is safe and simple. KURLO washes without shrinking.

Obtainable from all Grocers,
Chandlers and General Stores.

WILLIAM GOSSAGE & SONS, LTD., WIDNES.



We invite our friends to visit Stand No. 70, at the Women's Exhibition at Olympia, between April 12th and May 5th.



NO matter if their little Tobralco frocks are washed every day. They are easily washed—the colors are indelible. Tobralco frocks remain fresh and sound long after others will have been in shreds.

TOBRALCO

THE COTTON FABRIC THAT WASHES EASILY

27-28 inches wide. 1/11½ per yard
Name always on Selvedge. A Tootal Line

PATTERNS FREE from TOOTALS, Dept. A20, 32, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.2.

VEN-YUSA

The Oxygen Face Cream.

Ven-Yusa is unapproached by any other toilet preparation. It quickly banishes the ravages of winter and restores velvety softness to the skin.

This rare oxygen beautifier is prepared only from the choicest ingredients, and may be obtained either in its natural unscented form or with the popular Ven-Yusa perfume added.

"Ven-Yusa Scented" and "Ven-Yusa Unscented" are both sold by all chemists at 1/3 per dainty opal jar. Each jar is hermetically sealed by a waxed and sterilized cork pad.



DAINTY
TRIAL JAR
FREE.

A dainty miniature opal jar of Ven-Yusa ("Scented" or "Unscented" as preferred) will be posted free in exchange for this coupon and 6d. in stamps (to cover packing, return postage, etc.) Address C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds. "Daily Mirror," 12/4/23.

Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1923.

A BAD PRECEDENT.

DURING the war, journalists and other humble creatures were often invited by the Great Men of Whitehall to have it explained to them why certain things were to be done and others left undone by Ministers.

This procedure, it was said, was by no means designed to "forestall criticism." Oh, no! It was merely to let the ignorant know what the wise were about in their wisdom.

The plan commended itself (we remember) to Mr. Neville Chamberlain in those dark days.

He evidently still believes in it, if we rightly interpret his privately-convened meeting of Conservative M.P.s to hear a secret address on his housing proposals.

But now we are supposed to be at peace and this revival of war strategy should not form a precedent for all those Ministers who want—if we may put it vulgarly—to "wangle" their supporters or possible opponents by dress rehearsals of the accepted ceremony of debate.

The House of Commons is the place for the statement of policy. Private appeals to sections are not likely to commend themselves to those left out of the secret.

A VISIT OF COURTESY.

WHEN it was announced that the King and Queen would pay a visit of courtesy to the Pope during their Majesties' stay in Rome, we anticipated that our Protestant stalwarts would sniff a Popish plot in this compliment to the spiritual ruler of many thousands of British subjects.

We hardly thought that men of some eminence and reputation for common sense would lend their names to the perhaps inevitable protest.

The King visits the Vatican, as King Edward did before him; as he might consort with rulers or dignitaries of other faiths in his Eastern dominions, without thereby becoming a disciple of the Prophet or a Buddhist.

Strange that so many worthy people misinterpret the point and fear that this harmless piece of etiquette will encourage a new Guy Fawkes to undermine the British Constitution!

WHOSE FAULT IS IT?

THE Home Office return just issued shows that street accidents in Great Britain are increasing year by year—seven thousand more in 1922 than in 1921, making a total of over seventy thousand!

A walk in a big city (statistics prove) is almost the most dangerous of average occupations.

It is usual to blame the speed and complication of "mechanically propelled" vehicles.

We doubt, however, whether motor traffic is much more perilous than the prancing steeds, the cabriolets, the ill-organised hackney traffic of days when Mr. Gay, in his "Trivia," wrote about the mud and hooliganism of the London streets.

Earlier than that—at any rate since the days of Juvenal in old Rome—there have been bitter complaints from pedestrians of the ways of vehicles and their drivers or "propellers."

What we hear less of is the driver's opinion of the pedestrian.

The way people have of crossing a dangerous thoroughfare!

Most of them are thinking of anything but the danger—thinking perhaps of home and dinner, of taxes and the cost of living, of somebody's blue eyes or somebody else's tiresome temper.

In this country we believe, evidently, that it won't pay a taxicab to run us down. A delusion!—as those tragic totals of street accidents yearly prove. W. M.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

Next-Door Neighbours—Travellers in Town and Country—
Brighter Churches—A Woman's Secret.

HOW TO AVOID QUARRELS.

TO avoid quarrels with neighbours, it is best to "keep oneself to oneself." We have lived in our house for over seven years, yet my wife never attempts to make the acquaintance of the people next door. She is a sensible woman, and thinks that if women make friends and gossip, the conversation will "spread," and the whole of the neighbourhood will soon know about it. G. F.

SOMETHING FROM PARIS.

YOUR correspondent, "A Mere Man," does not yet understand woman and her curious little whims and fancies. He certainly does not realise what pleasure it gives to any woman to have a present from Paris. It doesn't matter whether it be a small

MARRIAGE A HINDRANCE!

A WISE assertion I once heard a mother make, who was herself somewhat disappointed in her daughter's choice of a husband, was: "It is her life she has to live, not mine. She must work out her own road to happiness." If a few more mothers-in-law would follow that example of great deal of unhappiness and contention would be eliminated. A LOOKER-ON.

EARLY-MORNING SMILES.

AS a countryman, may I venture to enlighten about the unfriendliness and cold looks she gets from her early-morning fellow-travellers? The farmers and farm labourers do not treat each other with this contempt and aloofness as

THE NEW FRIENDLINESS AT THE ZOO.



"We want to encourage the public to come and make friends with the animals." So says the new superintendent at the Zoo. Perhaps those with some physical resemblance to the animals might get into closest mental touch with them?

painting of Paris, a bottle of perfume, a bangle, hat, or any other little thing one can think of—she will treasure it just the same.

A friend of mine who has had a charming hat sent from Paris tries hard to make her less-fortunate girl friends envious by removing her hat when she visits them and exposing the lining and showing off the name of the Paris milliner. ONE WHO KNOWS.

Warrington-crescent, W.

DO WOMEN TRUST WOMEN?

PERSONALLY I should say not. Although women tell one another their little troubles and secrets, they are usually "broadcasted" amongst a large circle of women friends.

It would be much better for a woman to confide in a man friend, because he doesn't worry his head so much over these petty things. He will be a sympathetic listener, but what is said will go in at one ear and out of the other. To imagine that any woman could keep a secret is beyond the capacity of man. F. G. W. G.

THE STAGE AS FAIRY-LAND.

UNLIKE "A Spinster Aunt," I do not see how taking small children to musical comedies and "absurd" revues can in any way blast their belief in the wonderful.

If anything can stir their imagination and strengthen their faith in the mysteries of fairy-land, it is surely the spectacle of gorgeous scenery, magnificently dressed actors, extraordinary tricks, marvellous colours. C. W. G.

they jog along on foot or on their cycles to their day's work, and I have particularly noticed that, when I have been travelling with a few of these men on their way to market in the train, they are generally light-hearted and jovial companions. Why this great difference?

It seems very obvious that environment has a good deal to do with it, and only will our city friends share these good spirits with the countrymen when they have taken as big a share of the greatest of Nature's life-giving tonics—"fresh air and sunlight." R. E. K.

BRIGHTER CHURCHES.

IF it be true that the Church repels, it is most likely these "bright and attractive" services that help to do it; for those responsible for them will not believe that their noise and hurry drive people away.

The "reverent" service attracts; the "attractive" service is merely irreverent. The Church is still conducted chiefly for the remaining Victorians. Modern worshippers desire something in the nature of the following, though they never find it.

Fewer psalms, sung slower; fewer hymns, sung faster; fewer sermons, preached better; twenty-minute sermons; one and a quarter hour's service (on no account longer); long appeals and notices of forthcoming tea parties should be rigorously blue-pencilled.

Reverent reading (much less, to avoid hurry); reverent singing (the choir must not be always told to be "bright"); reverent organ-playing (no recitals during the Lord's Prayer); and a sermon from a humble, modern-minded preacher. B. A.

HOW TO MAKE GOLF LESS EXPENSIVE.

A PLEA FOR DEMOCRACY IN THE GREAT GAME.

By HAROLD SAUNDERS.

TAKING the world all over, it is probable that golf claims more devotees than any other game. Even in the remotest corners of the globe you will find a golf course—of sorts—wherever English-speaking people have set foot.

It is a curious fact, therefore, that in England itself it remains one of the most expensive of all games. There is a convention in this country that golf is a strict preserve of the wealthy.

The Southend Town Council gave voice to this idea the other day when they turned down a proposal to lay out a municipal course. They were not going to pander to the idle rich, they said, or something to the same effect.

But, given the facilities for cheap golf that there are in Scotland, there would be just as many players of moderate means in this country as there are north of the Tweed. Moreover, they would soon prove a valuable source of revenue to municipalities, town councils, and the like.

Scotland, the land of its origin, is perhaps the only country where the essential democracy of golf is appreciated. Even in these days of high prices, there are still many nine-hole courses there where you may play for 2d. a round.

Sixpence a round for even the best of the full eighteen holes links, like the Braids Hills, in Edinburgh, is about the maximum. Even this moderate figure was not fixed without a bitter controversy on the ground that it was excessive!

SCOTLAND AND ENGLAND.

When they compare these prices with the half-guinea and guinea green fees charged by many English clubs, it is almost a wonder that the thousands of Scotsmen domiciled here, whose irons are rusting in idleness, do not return to the land of their fathers and cheap golf.

The idea that this is the Machiavellian design of the Sassenachs in making golf prohibitive to all but the wealthy may be dismissed.

A more likely reason why the game is so often considered as a luxury only for the well-to-do may be found in the distinction of its pioneers in England.

James I. introduced it into this country, and Lord Balfour, when he was plain Mr. Balfour, made it popular. So it has always had the cachet of fashionableness. In Scotland, where it has always been the sport of peasant boys, as well as princes, all classes are provided for.

There are signs, however, that the barrier of exclusiveness in this country is giving way.

This is why there has been more rejoicing among golfers of moderate means over the laying out of the public course in Richmond Park than in the creation of ninety and nine clubs with prohibitive subscriptions.

The fee for a single round, like that for the few other municipal or public courses in England, will be eightpence.

Years ago Nottingham showed the possibilities of democratic golf in this country with their corporation course at Bulwell Forest. Here miners and bank clerks are able to play without danger of financial ruin.

Many more such enterprises are needed, and people will at last realise that the golfer is not necessarily a millionaire or a menace.

YOUR SKIN

Will Always Benefit By

"Touching Up" with

Zam-Buk

Zam-Buk owes its unique healing, soothing and antiseptic properties to the rare and closely guarded extracts of which it is composed. The result is you can always rely upon Zam-Buk. It is

THE ENEMY OF SKIN TROUBLES.

WHITELEYS

School Outfits

Special Offer of Waterproofs

BOYS' TRENCH COATS

All Wool, double-breasted style, lined check, very serviceable and hard wearing for school use. Navy Blue or Fawn. Sizes 4 to 12. **39/6**

Rising 1/6 a size to **51/6**

GIRLS' MACKINTOSHES

Style similar to boys'. Hard-wearing Cashmere, in Navy Blue or Fawn. Double-breasted style with belt all round. Sizes from 27 inches, rising every 3 inches to 45 inches. **33/6**

Rising 1/- a size to **39/6**



SCHOOL RUGS. Heavy weight, in neat check designs, edge finished fringe. **7/6**

Carriage Paid on 20/- orders in United Kingdom.

WM. WHITELEY LTD.
QUEENS ROAD, LONDON, W.2



"Luvisca"
(REGISTERED)

for Summer Blouses, Dresses, Pyjamas, Children's Frocks, etc.

The material that looks like Silk, is more durable than Silk and is cheaper than Silk.

ALL LEADING DRAPERS SELL "LUVISCA"

in latest shades and colourings, including new cord effects, 37-38ins. wide. **3/11** SHADES **4/6** per yard

"LUVISCA" Blouses Ready-to-Wear are obtainable in all newest styles and designs. None genuine without the Neck Tab. "LUVISCA" Standard On Panted Bouses with the BLUE Neck Tab are the best possible value in "LUVISCA". Any Blouse bearing this tab not giving unqualified satisfaction will be immediately repaced.

If any difficulty in obtaining "LUVISCA" please write to the Manufacturers, COURTAULDS, Ltd. (Dept. 36), 19, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C.4, who will send you the name of the nearest retailer selling it, and an illustrated booklet giving particulars.

"LUVISCA" the material par excellence for Shirts, Pyjamas, Soft Collars, &c.



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An inactive liver allows impurities to be absorbed into the system, rendering life a positive burden. For 70 years Page Woodcock's Pills have proved a real boon to sufferers, regulating the activities of the liver and revitalising it. For Indigestion, Constipation, Stomachic and Kidney Troubles, etc., Page Woodcock's Pills are without an equal.

Sold by all Chemists 1/3 and 3/- per box. Have cured millions. Why not you? 400

Psoriasis

A severe case which lasted two years and was eventually completely cured by Germolene.

Mr. Chas. Bauckham, 40, Highfield Avenue, Gt. Grimsby, Linc., says:- "During the war I served in the Navy and our ship was torpedoed. For two hours we drifted in an open boat exposed to a tropical sun and salt spray, until picked up by a destroyer. As a result I developed a rash on my arms and left leg, which got worse and worse. The case was diagnosed as a bad case of psoriasis and treated accordingly. The trouble persisted and for two years I tried all kinds of ointments and lotions, but to no purpose. Then I tried Germolene. The first dressing gave wonderful relief and after using the contents of three small tins a complete cure was effected. I feel I cannot praise Germolene enough."

SOOTHES AT A TOUCH!

Germolene is matchless as a remedy for

Eczema Psoriasis Rashes Piles Itching Ulcers Cuts and Burns Skin Eruptions Ringworm Pimples Chapped Hands Chilblains

and all cut, bruised, itching or ulcerated surfaces.

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Foster Clark's

It's the Creamiest Custard



Mrs. Downes, daughter of the late General Dowker, who is to marry Mr. E. G. Feasey this month.



Miss Doris M. Bingham, who is engaged to marry Mr. E. G. Boisier, of Denby Vicarage, Derby.

SCENES IN COMMONS.

Back from South Africa—Eleonora Duse for London—"Realities."

NOT SINCE THERE WAS a free fight on the floor of the House of Commons some thirty years ago, when the Home Rule Bill was debated, have there been such scenes in the Commons as occurred there last night. So tumultuous was the sitting that the Speaker was compelled to suspend it for an hour, and at such fever-heat were the contending parties that on reassembling he wisely decided to adjourn the House until to-day.

"The Red Flag."

The singing of "The Red Flag" by the extremists of the Labour Party is a totally new experience for the Commons. This chorale outburst was, I learn, strongly condemned by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who not unnaturally fears that threats of violence and disorderly parliamentary conduct are not calculated to redound to the credit of his party in the constituencies.

A Royal Visit.

The visit of the King and Queen to the Royal Agricultural College at Cirencester to-day is to be more or less informal, the intention of their Majesties being to observe the working of the institution rather than to take part in any elaborate ceremony. Their interest in agriculture, however, is well known and there is no doubt that the ancient Roman city will give them a glad—if informal—welcome.

Her First Speech.

While the speech made by Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon last week in acknowledging a wedding gift was the first made by her in London, it was not the first time she had displayed her gift for public speaking. A Scottish correspondent points out that on the occasion of the annual fête of the Dundee Women Citizens' Association held in the charming grounds of St. Helen's on September 9 last year Lady Elizabeth delivered a delightful speech on citizenship.

Political Insults.

Lady Astor, comparing a political opponent to the "village donkey," reminds me that the late Marquis of Salisbury, when still Lord Robert Cecil, compared Mr. Gladstone to a "pettifogging attorney." He subsequently rose to apologise—to the attorneys; and I am wondering whether the member for Plymouth will take a leaf out of his book and apologise—to the donkeys.

Back in London.

Rhoda Countess of Carlisle, who, with her youngest daughter, Lady Elizabeth Howard, has been staying in Italy for some weeks, has now returned to 31, Unslow-square.

Country Joys.

Lady Marjorie Beckett, whose husband, the Hon. Sir Gervase Beckett, has returned from a short visit to South Africa, does not follow in the footsteps of her mother, the Countess of Warwick, and apparently takes but little interest in politics, and certainly has no Labour views. Neither has she ever shown any practical attachment to the stage like her young sister, Lady Mercy Greville. The joys of the country, hunting and quiet hospitality are more to her taste.

To Brussels.

Lady Mond is off to Brussels to-day for the great flower show at Ghent, and also for the opening of the exhibition of the "Œuvres des Mutilés de la Guerre," where the men of the War Service Legion are showing their work, and which is to be opened by the King of the Belgians on the 20th.



Sir Gervase Beckett.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women and Affairs in General

Eleonora Duse.

Eleonora Duse, I understand, is to appear in London in June. Mr. C. B. Cochran has received a cable from her in which she says she will be happy to appear in six matinees, at the rate of two a week. Incidentally, I hear that Mrs. C. B. Cochran is following her husband into management, and the first individual production for which she will be responsible is to be Channing Pollock's play, "The Fool." This has been a great success in New York.

Titled Exhibitors.

A number of very interesting women will be in charge of exhibits at *The Daily Mirror* Fashion Fair next week. Lady Egerton will supervise the parade of frocks, and Lady Angela Forbes will be present as manageress of another exhibitor. Lady Standing, wife of Sir Guy Standing, is one of the beauty experts, and Princess Marie Bariatinsky trades under the name of "Babs."

"This Freedom."

I hear that the British film version of A. S. M. Hutchinson's novel, "This Freedom," will be seen at the New Oxford Theatre on April 19. The chief parts are played by Fay Compton, Clive Brook and John Stuart. "If Winter Comes" was filmed by the American Fox Film Company, and will also be seen in the near future.

"Realities."

If Galsworthy, the author of "Loyalties," had written, "Anna Christie" at the Strand Theatre, he would probably have called it "Realities." Pauline Lord, who played Anna, was the chief reality and one of the others was the staging of the scene when she was voyaging on the barge in a fog. The fog atmosphere was so real that half the audience began coughing at the sight of it. As it was only a lighting effect their lungs must have been affected by suggestion.



Miss Pauline Lord.

Her History.

Miss Lord, for whose brilliant performance I can find no adequate adjectives, was born in California and played with Nat Goodwin in "The Deluge," and also in "Samson and Delilah." She is petite, golden-haired and unmarried, and although she is new to Londoners she is known well enough in the States and has been playing Anna for two years in New York.

"Premature Production."

The production of two plays on one night has already occurred too often, and I think that the management of "Merton of the Movies" deserve congratulations for having decided to give it on April 17 instead of April 18 in order to avoid clashing with another first night. Many plays have been postponed, but this, I believe, is the first "premature production."

Lady Ursula Grosvenor's Win.

The Duke and Duchess of Westminster were among a large gathering of hunting people at Saighthon, near Chester, yesterday for the Cheshire Hunt point-to-point races, the course being on the Duke's Eaton estate. Other well-known people present included Lady Ursula Grosvenor, Lord Arthur Grosvenor, Lady Greenall, Sir Thomas Royden and Mr. Jack Anthony. Lady Ursula Grosvenor's Salisbury Arms, ridden by Major Cotton, was the winner of the Adjacent Hunts race.

Hunt Balls.

There is a mistaken idea abroad that hunt balls finish with the end of March, but this is far from being the case. Within the next few days seven are being held.

Sacred Relics.

It is to be hoped that the claim of the Vicar of Charing, Kent, that the block on which John the Baptist was beheaded was once at his church and may be rediscovered, rests on firmer ground than the claims put forward for most of the sacred relics exhibited on the Continent. These relics aroused the scorn of Mark Twain when he made his famous visit to Europe. He could never quite make out why the Cathedral of Milan had only a part of the crown of thorns when Notre Dame, Paris, possessed a whole one.

Taxing Coffins.

Mr. Baldwin is being bombarded with tax suggestions, but no one has recommended that coffins should be taxed as did a Chancellor in George the Third's day. Births, as a matter of fact, have been taxed in earlier days. And according to rank. The eldest son of a duke, for instance, cost the father £30, while the coming of a son to a cottage meant two shillings to the Treasury.

The Lion's Share.

Mother: "Now, Johnny, dear, give your sister the lion's share of that orange." Johnny: "Yes, mother." Sister, a little later: "Mummy, Johnny hasn't given me any orange." Johnny: "Lions don't eat oranges."

An Approved Visit.

My prediction that M. Loucheur would soon pay a second visit to London is now confirmed; and it is also confirmed, by M. Poincaré himself, that he did not come on a mission from the French Prime Minister. I understand, however, that his visit was, if not suggested, at all events approved, by President Millerand.

Important Distinction.

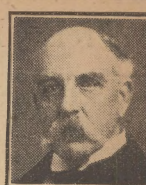
I have just seen a copy of a new novel by Monica Ever. The title, "Not for Sale," is printed on the page facing the flyleaf. Immediately underneath is the publisher's stamp: "For review!"

Novelist Librettist.

Very few people would suspect Mr. George Moore of such frivolity as a comic opera libretto, but among the literary and theatrical souvenirs of the late George R. Sims to be sold at Hodgson's to-day is a version of "Les Cloches de Corneville," prepared by the novelist and his brother, the late Augustus Moore, for a long-forgotten tour. It was upon this tour that Mr. Moore based many of the incidents in that vividly realistic book on the life of the strolling actor, called "A Mummer's Wife."



The Duchess of Orto, who gave a dinner party last week at the Paris Hotel, Monte Carlo, in honour of the King of Sweden.



Sir Edward Beauchamp, who for many years represented Lowestoft in Parliament, will be seventy-four to-day.

Where is it?

Somebody was complaining the other day that the lads of the village had had no catchphrase for some time. However, a new one seems to have come suddenly into vogue: "I'll see you down there." The knut of to-day, when he "pushes off"—as he would term it—takes leave of his companions, not with the stereotyped "So long," or "Be good," but with an airy "Well, I'll see you down there"—the exact spot not being specified.

More "Follies."

I see possibilities in the "Offenbach Follies" now at the Coliseum, but the production needs overhauling and strengthening. The idea is a good one and is interesting. Some of the vocalists hardly "get the stuff" over.

A Good Test.

There is a word in one of the leading articles in this week's "Church Times" that, I think, would make a better test of sobriety than either "truly rural" or "British Constitution." The word in question is "allotri-episcopacy." The man who can manage that need fear no magistrate.

Dummy Cartridges.

The fatal accident to one of the recruits for Prince Henry's regiment, the 10th Hussars, when a live cartridge got into a rifle magazine supposed to be charged with dummies, raises a subject which has presented difficulties for years. Most of the Continental nations adopt the simple expedient of painting the "bullet" of a dummy red.

THE RAMBLER.



ERNIE LOTINGA says:
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best Wine Tonic

costs only

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CHAMPAGNE QUART SIZE

Why pay more?

WINOX

A demonstration of Winox is being given in the Drug Dept. of the Civil Service Supply Association, Bedford Street, Strand, daily until the end of this week.



ELLA RETFORD says:
"I found WINOX so beneficial that I am never without it."

WINOX LTD.,
RICHMOND,
SURREY.

THE KING'S HORSE FINISHES SECOND AT LINGFIELD

COURT



The King's horse, Mosaic, just beaten by Sword Play in the Spring Two-Year-Old Plate.

Pombal (nearest camera) winning the Chiddingstone Plate, Old Nic secured second place.

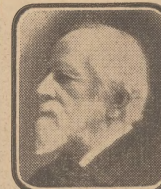
At Lingfield, yesterday, when the King's filly Mosaic made her debut and was just beaten. This defeat was compensated for by the victory of Bowood at Pontefract.



Y.M.C.A. BOYS' WEDDING GIFT.—Mr. Charles E. Heald, secretary of the Boys' Departments of the Y.M.C.A., with four lads representing the Red Triangle Boys' Clubs, at Buckingham Palace yesterday, when they brought a hunting crop as a wedding gift to the Duke of York, their patron. —(Daily Mirror photograph.)



NAVY CUP FINAL.—Play in midfield during the Navy Cup final at Portsmouth yesterday, when the R.M.L.I. (Chatham) beat H.M.S. Vernon by four clear goals. Hibben scored all the goals.



Sir Gardner Engleheart, former clerk of the Council of the Duchy of Lancaster, has died at Curzon-street, W., aged 100.

Mrs. Herbert Arminister Police Commissioner was read expression in respect of



A GIANT SPAR.—This man is standing on a huge spar intended for the King's racing yacht Britannia, which is being refitted at Cowes for the coming season.



N.—Eileen Patricia Binning, Portsmouth, Hants. O.—Mary Gwendoline Foster, St. John's Wood.



P.—Gwoneith Gilliland, Belfast, N. Ireland

OUR £2,500 BEAUTY COMPETITION.—From these six portraits of competitors in our £2,500 Beauty Contest readers should select the two they prefer and fill up the centre portion of this week's voting coupon. Coupons should not be sent in until the third portion has been completed after further

LOGY

LONDON WEDDING



Captain H. E. de R. Wetherall, D.S.O., M.C., the Gloucestershire Regiment, and his bride Vera, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George de Lisle Bush, married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.—(*Daily Mirror*.)

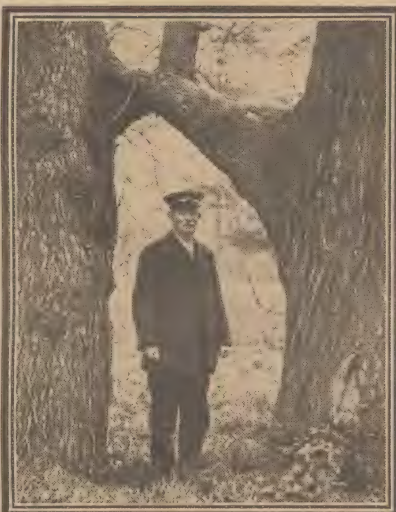
INVALID'S ALLEGED BEDSIDE CRIME



M. Jean Bares, an invalid, making his deposition to the judicial authorities at Nice. It is alleged that from his bed he shot dead a man who tried to rob him of documents.



Sir Ernest Horlick, fined £20 at Newmarket for dangerous motor-driving, who the magistrate said was unfit to hold a licence.



ARCH OF ELMS.—Two elm trees in the grounds of Prittlewell Priory, Southend, which growing together have formed a natural arch. Standing beneath the arch is Mr. Lee, head gardener.



LORD QUEX BACK AGAIN.—Mr. George Grossmith, as Lord Quex, and Miss Irene Browne, as Sophie Fulgarney, the manicurist in "The Gay Lord Quex," which has been successfully revived at His Majesty's Theatre.



—Betty Yates, Preston; Lancashire.



R.—Joan Witt, Bournemouth, Hants.



Q.—Margaret Evelyn Pearson, New Barnet, Herts.



RESTITUTION DECREE.—Mrs. Joan Adrienne Hopkins, daughter of the late Fred Emney, the comedian, was yesterday granted a decree of restitution of conjugal rights.

ts have appeared later in the week. Readers should always remember that sizes of portraits as reproduced do not in any way indicate *The Daily*'s opinion of the relative merits of competitors. Beauty and charm should be the only guides to voting.

PIP, SQUEAK AND WILFRED

A Happy Family of Pets Whose Comical Adventures Are Famous Throughout the World

PLAYING AT SCHOOL.

Daily Mirror Office.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—
One of Wilfred's favourite games is playing at schools. Of course, he has never been to school, so he really has very little idea what it is like; but from scraps of information he has picked up from the conversation of Christopher, Bendy and others of our young friends, he seems to manage pretty well.

The great thing about school, as Wilfred understands it, is the amount of coming all the children receive. The little rabbit evidently believes in the old-fashioned maxim about sparing the rod and spoiling the child; he is continually whacking his unfortunate pupils! Luckily, as they are only dolls, they don't mind very much. It is most amusing to watch Wilfred play at it. Sometimes Pip and Squeak will join in, just to please him. Wilfred will point

fiercely at Squeak, who will immediately recite her tables (all wrong, of course) or say a little piece of poetry.

If Wilfred thinks she is not doing it properly (and, as a matter of fact, he is fairly safe in thinking this, because poor Squeak, as you know, is not very clever), he gives her a whack with his cane! Poor motherly Squeak! What a lot she suffers to please her little baby rabbit!

I am afraid Pip is not so obliging. If Wilfred hits him, Pip generally hits back—and then the "school" breaks up.

Molly the Mole, as you see in to-day's funny pictures, also dislikes this game. In the middle of "class" yesterday she decided to burrow, and disappeared under the ground. Wilfred soon had her out, however, and locked her up in a hutch as a punishment.

Your affectionate
Uncle Dick.

TOMMY AND PIPITWIP.

Two Little Flying Squirrels and Their Funny Ways.

THE other day I mentioned some flying squirrels, which are quaint little animals found in various parts of Asia. They don't really fly, but jump from one branch of a tree to another, gliding several yards through the air by means of the skin joining their feet together. Since then I have received a most interesting letter from Bobbie and May Molesworth, who used to live in Nepal, India. I am sure you would like to read it.

"Dear Uncle Dick,—We had lots of pets when we were at the British Legation, Nepal, last year, and among them were Tommy and Pipitwip, two flying squirrels.
"They were very wild when we first got them. A Gurkha (native soldier) sold us Tommy for one rupee, and Pipitwip was caught for us by one of our Nepalese Guard."

"They were so fond of each other, and used to kiss and wash each other's faces. We let them quite loose in the garden, but they never ran away, and used to come to meals, always with us in the dining-room, and eat bananas and nuts and sweets.
"They used to sleep at night in the hollow trees, and often when it was wet and cold they would come in at our open bedroom window and get into bed with us!"

GOOD-BYE!

"Tommy was mine and Pipitwip was May's, and they always came to their right owner. Often when we used to play on the lawn in front of the Legation they would fly from the roof of our house on to the lawn, about forty or fifty yards, and they looked ever so pretty flying."

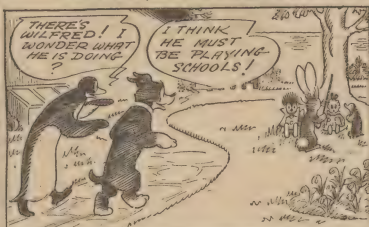
"We had them a long time, and when our daddy went down to the forests to help to prepare the shooting camp for the Prince of Wales we took them with us, and they lived in the trees above our camp in the jungle. The Prince liked them awfully, and when he left Nepal we were going to give them to the Prince, as my daddy and mummy and all of us were going home to England. But just the very last night Pipitwip refused to be caught, so we left Tommy in the jungle with him, and we hope they are both still very happy."

So do I. Pip, Squeak and Wilfred would have loved to have met Tommy and Pipitwip, the two flying squirrels.

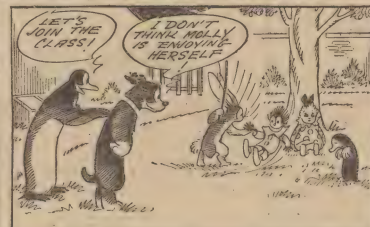
CAN YOU GUESS THESE?

WHY is a crocodile the most deceitful of all creatures?—Because his countenance is always open when he is "taking us in."
If a man who is carrying a lamp drops it, what does he become?—A lamp-lighter.
What vegetable should never be found on a ship?—A leek.

MOLLY, NOT LIKING "SCHOOL," PLAYS TRUANT.



1. Wilfred was playing at schools, with Molly the Mole as one of his pupils.



2. Poor Molly did not like it at all. She looked quite glum.



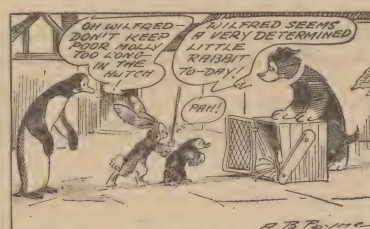
3. At last she decided to "play truant"—so she began burrowing.



4. Wilfred jumped into the air when he saw her disappearing in the ground!



5. He dived down after her, however, and pulled her up again!



6. Then poor little Molly was "confined to hutch" as a punishment.

MONDAY NEXT

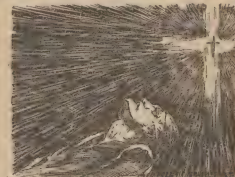
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& 8.30 Daily
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TOFFEE

Cuticura

Keeps Your Skin
Fresh And Clear

The Soap cleanses and purifies the pores, the Ointment soothes and heals any irritation, redness or roughness. Treatment: On retiring smear the affected surface with the Ointment on end of finger. Wash off in five minutes with Cuticura Foam and hot water. Do not fail to include the exquisitely scented Cuticura Talcum in your toilet preparations.



Soap 1s., Talcum 1s. 3d., Ointment 1s. 3d., and 2s. 6d. Sold throughout the Empire. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Charterhouse Sq., London, E.C.1.
Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE BUT YOUR NOSE!



IN THIS DAY and AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible for your own satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, it not wisely, by your "looks," there is a little to "look your best" at all times. Permit no one to see you looking otherwise; it will injure your welfare! Let the insurance you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny?

My newest greatly improved superior Nose-Shaper, "Trade Model 25," corrects even all ill-shaped noses, without operation, quickly, safely, comfortably, and permanently. Displaced cases corrected. Model 25 is the latest in Nose Shapers and surpasses all my previous Models by a large margin. It has an adjustable pressure regulator, is made of light polished metal, is firm, and fits every nose comfortably. The inside is upholstered with a fine chamamo, and no metal parts come in contact with the skin. Being worn at night, it does not interfere with your daily work. Thousands of unimpaired testimonials on hand.

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LONDON'S COUNTRY

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GUIDE No. 2

SOUTH OF THE THAMES

A COMPANION Guide-book to the above has just been published dealing with the Country, South of the Thames, from Guildford on the west to Sevenoaks on the east. This Guide contains twenty-seven photographs, twenty-one specially drawn maps and 108 pages of interesting and useful descriptive matter.

BOTH GUIDES NOW ON SALE 1/- EACH

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"Underground" Announcement No. 53, 1923



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SUPERFLOORS hair permanently removed from face with electricity; ladies only—Miss Florence Wood, 29, Granville-garden, Shepherd's Bush, W.12. Min. Tues.
SEE the name "Caldwell" on every piece of chocolate.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADOLPHI—Nightly, at 8.15. Mats. Wed and Sat. 2.30.
BATTLES BUTLER, Jack Buchanan, Phyllis Thumms.
ALDWYCH (terr. 3229).—Even, 8.15. TONS OF MONEY. Wed. Sat. 2.30. Yvonne Arnold, T. Walls, R. Lynn.
AMASSADORS. MARRIAGE BY INSTANTMENTS. Nightly, at 8.30. Mats. Tues and Fri. at 2.30.
APOLLO—2.30 and 8.30. PHYLIS NEILSON-TERRY in A ROOF AND FOUR WALLS. Mats. Wed. Thurs. 2.30.
COMEDY—Every Evening 8.30. "SECRETS."
For Compton, Leon Quatermaine. Tues and Fri. 2.30.
COURT, Chancery. (terr. 848). CAROL BLANCHIE. 8.30. Wed. Sat. at 2.30. 2 Bobs. Odette Myrtil, Tubby Edlin.
COVENT GARDEN (terr. 680). YOU'D BE SURPRISED. Even. 8.15. Mats. Weds. Thurs and Sat. 2.30.
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DRURY LANE (terr. 2588). Mesovitch in ANGELO. Even. at 8.30. Mats. Wed and Sat. at 2.30.
DUKE OF YORKS—2.30, 8.30. MAHIE TEMPEST in THE MARK AGE OF KITTIE. Mats. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.
EMPIRE (terr. 3527).—Twice Daily, 2.30 and 8.30. The New Revue, "THE RAINBOW."
CADY. JOSE COLLINS in THE LAST WALTZ.
By Oscar Straus. Even. 8.15. Mats. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.
CARRICK (terr. 9213). Even. 8.30. Mats. Wed. Sat. 2.30. Cochran's production "Partners Again."
ALHAMBRA (terr. 8340). Mats. Wed and Sat. 2.30. "ABSENT WE ALLY." By Frederick Lonsdale, Marie Lohr, Ethel Jefferys.
HAYMARKET—ISABEL EDWARDS and ANNE. By J. P. Jennings. 2.30, 8.30. Mats. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.
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THE WAY OF A MAN

By S. ANDREW WOOD



At a near-by table a small, fragile-looking old man sat alone. Peggy did not move a muscle of her face as she recognised Adam Quilter.

NEW READERS BEGIN HERE.

PEGGY BECKETT is an "alone-in-London" girl, a fascinating, impulsive character, who is known as Peggy, the Firebrand in Quilter's Emporium, where she is employed. She is going to marry Archie Dugdale in a few days—a young man who lives in the same private hotel in South Kensington, an establishment known as Tozer's Royal Empress. Archie and Peggy are taking a walk in Hyde Park early one spring morning when a dog attacks them and a shabby stranger acts as rescuer. Archie does not shine in a very heroic light during the affray and takes himself off. Peggy indulges in some verbal give-and-take with the stranger, and then, feeling that he is in need, gives him a ten-shilling note and runs away.

"That morning Peggy is a ring-leader in a lightning strike at Quilter's." During an interview with old Adam Quilter, the proprietor, Peggy gathers the impression that he once knew her dead mother, but she regards the idea as absurd. The strike fails and Peggy is discharged.

Peggy returns disconsolately to Tozer's Royal Empress, and in the drawing-room she finds Archie Dugdale and the shabby stranger in conversation. Peggy learns that Archie is a jockey who preys on credulous girls, and dismisses her unworthy lover with contempt. She parts from the stranger, maintaining that she has lost faith in all mankind.

The stranger, Jack Sandiford by name, renders a service to Adam Quilter, who, deceived by his outward appearance, offers him a peculiar appointment. He is to find a missing girl in London whose photograph is shown to him. It is a speaking likeness of Peggy Beckett, although the photograph is twenty years old.

Sandiford finds Peggy and falls in love with her. He provides Quilter with fictitious stories about her whereabouts and welfare.

Meanwhile Peggy runs across a divorced woman, Nan Beverley, who has once known Jack Sandiford, but Peggy is unaware of this. They become fast friends and Peggy endeavours to bring about a reconciliation between husband and wife, but fails. An exciting incident when Sandiford saves Peggy from danger leads to her confessing her love for him.

She does not know that he is a rich man searching for new sensation. Family considerations persuade him that he must have no more to do with Peggy, and he disappears. Left at a theatre, Peggy sees a play in which her adventures with Sandiford are reproduced.

DISILLUSIONED.

"AUTHOR! Author!"

"It was a solid clamour, almost threatening in its note, that rose through the big theatre. Peggy, half standing in her seat, dropped back again. The rows upon rows of fluttering hands and eager faces frightened her. Men were on their feet, calling the author's name. What was it?"

"Secker! Where is Secker?"

The curtain slid down finally upon the stage. A young man came slowly from the wings and stood before it, looking down upon the excited auditorium. It was the man whom Peggy Beckett had known as Jack Sandiford. Peggy was very quiet now. The panic desire to leave the theatre had passed. She was held to her seat by an engulfing wave of humiliation and self-mockery that seemed to wash all her senses sharp and clear.

She opened the crumpled ball of the programme in her hand at last, and looked at the title of the play—"Angelina All Alone," by John S. Secker. She would stand for Sandiford, she supposed. That much of his name had been genuine.

Peggy saw everything pitifully. He had been masquerading all the time. He had taken the plot of their own little romantic comedy, twisted it a little, and made up his play from it. And, at the end, he had sent her a hundred pounds as payment for the material she had provided him with.

"Peggy, old thing, that's my wrist you're breaking with your fingers!"

Nan Beverley's voice came from a distance. The author of "Angelina All Alone" was making a little speech. His bronze head, against the black velvet curtain looked almost vividly golden, his long, quizzical face absurdly boyish. He vanished, and the applause roared forth again.

"Let's get out!" Peggy said savagely, in a low voice.

Nan looked at her, sharply. She had never seen a smile like the one which was on Peggy's

face at that moment. Even she, who knew what soul torment was, was startled by it. The sight of Secker had made her own lips curve bitterly with remembrance of the night he had turned her from his rooms.

As they passed through the vestibule she caught the torture in Peggy's blue eyes clearly for an instant. But not until they were in the dimness of a taxicab did she break silence.

"That author-man—Jack Secker—used to be a friend of mine, Peg," she said softly.

A little shudder shook Peggy. She crouched in the corner of the cab.

"He used to be mine, too," she said. "He didn't call himself Secker. He had an — an assumed name."

She laughed. Nan Beverley made a sharp, pitying gesture. She expressed a flood of understanding.

"Peg!" she exclaimed.

"Don't!" said Peggy, huskily. "I'm all right." And then, crushed by a trembling hand, and then, crushed by a trembling hand, she felt fury for her fingers and held them though Peggy tried to wrench them away. Only very dimly, did she realise the crushing blow which had befallen her.

They stood in the dimly lit entrance of Mme. Lupin's.

"You mustn't come up," Peggy said, breaking a long silence. "It's too late. And I don't want anybody. Good night, old girl. And—thanks for the theatre."

She smiled wryly. Long after Nan Beverley had gone she continued to stand in the dark and deserted doorway, watching the summer lightning flicker in the sky, and the lights of the buildings opposite leap into black silhouette and vanish again.

She dared not go back to her room. She had a fancy that it did not belong to her because she was Peggy Beckett no longer.

Something had changed her, something which had dried up both her laughter and her courage. She was somebody else, she did not know who. But it was not Peggy Beckett.

"Little Angelina All Alone!" she whispered, digging her finger nails into the palms of her hands. "Little Cockney clown! He must have thought you were all the time. Perhaps he'll tell the interviewers to-morrow how he came to write his latest play."

She stepped out into the warm midnight. She could not go to bed yet.

She walked quickly and blindly, past policemen standing in shadowy rows, and flashed their torch lamps on her for an instant.

At the corner she ran into a cheerful coffee stall, with its motley crowd of revellers and ragged girls, but sterned aside into the unwhinking glare of the arc lights on Marylebone-road, which lay empty, as though some giant had picked up the human puppets that crowded it by day-time and laid them in by some box for the night.

At length, when some church clock chimed one o'clock, she reached Mme. Lupin's again. Very slowly she climbed the stairs and let herself into the room.

"No trace coming for this little Angelina!" Peggy Beckett murmured through her tight lips to her mirror. "I'm going to carry on. I let Archie off. But Archie only made a fool of me to Tozer's. Not to thousands of people. I'm going to pay back this time on my own way. But how—oh, how, Peggy Beckett?"

She opened a drawer and took forth a bunch of written forget-me-nots. These she flung down the open window, where they dropped upon Mme. Lupin's dustbin in the area below.

M. Lupin's little hammer seemed to be tapping in her brain as she lay in bed listening to the distant rumble of Post Office vans in the dark morning.

Peggy sobbed at last, with her face in the pillow. But it was only because it seemed so hard to find any means of getting her revenge.

À STRANGE WORLD.

NAN BEVERLEY, in the living-room of her flat above Peggy's-mews, put her hand up to her mouth to stifle a yawn. She stretched out her bare arms and gazed at her finger-tips.

"Don't use language, Jeff," she said lazily. "My landlord will probably turn me out if he hears you. He's pretty suspicious of me, already."

Jeffery Marriot-Birch forced a rueful laugh. He stood, large and sanguine, on the tattered hearthrug.

"I wouldn't give a hang if he did, Nan," he said. "You might as well help you to fish, digging for you where one can swing a cat."

"I hate swine, cats," Nan Beverley answered calmly. "And you've helped me splendidly already. My conscience begins to prick me for accepting so much from you." "There was a touch of irony in her voice," but the question is, what are we going to do about tonight's merry party? You booked a table for four, and there are only three of us—Miss Estelle Delanese, of the Folies Francaises, having taken it into her head to fly back to Paris and leave us in the lurch. I hate a top-sided party, Jeff."

Marriot-Birch's prominent grey eyes blinked in a sudden smile.

"Hunt up that little working-girl pal of yours, Nan," he suggested. "Peggy something-or-other. She'll amuse Tony Woodford like a comic film. One of your dresses should fit her."

Nan's face hardened. She threw a slow, searching glance at Marriot-Birch.

"She's a white little girl," she began slowly. "If Tony Woodford—he's the boy with the lip and the monocle, isn't he? He's harmless. We'll drive round by her rooms."

She rummaged impulsively in a chest of drawers and brought forth an old rose dress, slippers and cloak. These she packed in a handbag and handed it unceremoniously to Marriot-Birch. Then, staying only to turn out the gas, she followed him down the stairs.

The big car which was waiting at the end of the new-glazed through the dingy streets. It stopped before the waxwork effigies of Gustave Lupin. Nan leapt out and stood transfixed at a figure which, at that moment, came from the doorway.

"My eye!" she breathed. "Peg!"

It was indeed Peggy Beckett. She was bare-headed save for a little blue velvet bandeau. She had pinned up her yellow curls so that she looked older and more sedate. She wore a china-blue evening dress, and little broad-based dancing shoes. Over her shoulders was flung a piece-coloured cloak, ermine trimmed. At the elbow of Nan and the big car behind her, she stopped with a glitter of hard laughter in her eyes.

"Cinderella goes to the ball," she said lightly.

"At last. Do I look nice? There's nearly seventy pounds' worth on me. Awful, isn't it? I've made out a programme for myself—dinner at the Seville, a dance afterwards, and then one of those Midnight Max cap places."

"Who with?" she asked Nan Beverley. Her glance rested with intent protection upon Peggy.

"With Peggy Beckett. Unless you'll come. I found a—a surplus hundred pounds among my belongings. It was sent to me for services rendered. I'm doing the Arabian Nights with it."

"You little full-blown butterfly!" Nan Beverley said softly. "There is fever in your eyes. You're dangerous alone. Do you know you're doing the best thing in dancing shoes to-night? You're coming with our party. We've called for you. Hop in!"

A segment of brilliant crimson limelight lit up the tiny stage of the Hotel Buonaquarta sky-garden theatre. A never-ending stream of dancers, of girls, dressed in rose, blue and fauns, came from a blue-lit cavern and went floating among the crowded tables.

From a vast silver box at the glass dome above, innumerable toy balloons, decked with ribbons, came floating down, drifting like coloured bubbles in the hot, close atmosphere. A jazz band of West African negroes blared into wild melody. The fauns and devils seized partners from among the guests, and whirled in the narrow spaces between the tables.

Peggy leaned her bare elbows on the table, and clamped her chin in her hand, watching it all in silence. Her eyes were like diamonds in their brilliancy, though she had only sipped half a glass of wine at dinner.

Nan and Marriot-Birch were dancing. Tony Woodford, a little misad man who had been so gravely catching a blue balloon for Peggy, though she did not know it because she had forgotten him.

She supposed this was the world that Jack Secker, who had been Jack Sandiford, lived in. It was a strange world of women who were only beautiful until one got close to them, of radiant girls who would have looked hideous in the black dress of one of Quilter's assistants, of women whom she pitied because they were so desperate trying to fight off age.

The men, too, were strange. They looked bored with their women, and they were mostly flaccid and middle-aged, save for one or two tanned and straight-backed Colonials, who had mingled amusement and bewilderment in their sun-wrinkled eyes.

The Buonaquarta sky-garden was only quite small. From above, it must have appeared like a bubble of light blown upon the high roof of the great hotel. Peggy's glance roved all round it. She knew that she was looking for the man who had called himself Jack Sandiford. She was in his world, for the moment, and it might be easier to think out some plan to humiliate and hurt him, if she saw him.

A strange sensation crept upon her that she was waiting for something—waiting.

She made no attempt to shake off the feeling. It was like a species of hypnotism. She was not frightened by it. Rather did it give her a kind of exultant thrill. The scented atmosphere was like the breath of a tropical garden, without its freshness.

But Peggy's face remained almost opalescently pale. Her thoughts flew strangely. Was there any way of remaining in this world so that she could find and hurt Jack Secker? Not any way! She was a creature of the only girls of obscure origin who had found a footing in it. Peggy watched everything with blazing eyes. There was not long to wait now. She knew it.

Her head turned slightly. At a near-by table a small, fragile-looking old man sat alone. Peggy did not move a muscle of her face as she recognised Adam Quilter.

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—for fuel. It is extremely neat and handy.
It burns anything burnable. One
newspaper will boil a kettle and fry
the breakfast bacon. No objectionable
smoke or smell. Ideal for home use, pic-
nics, river parties, etc. Thousands in use.
Everybody delighted.
Order NOW.

The Burn-all Stove
No. 10/6 Postage No. 15/6 (Suit for indoor use 1/6 or
2/- extra. Free with orders sent now.)
On view daily at SATISFACTO, Ltd., 52, Bedford St., Strand, W.C.2

REDUCING THE WEIGHT HOW TO TAKE OFF ALL EXCESS FAT.

We all know that after babyhood fat is ugliness, that where obesity enters beauty dies, because fat distorts the features, smother's grace, eclipses charm and shrouds youth.

But how can we reduce our fat quickly, easily, without discomfort or privation, yet safely and altogether successfully? That is a question that a great many of the over-stout are asking. We do not wish to take dangerous, poisonous or purging drugs. Neither do we wish to take exhausting exercises nor to use the sweat cure or starve ourselves. Yet there is a way—a way that will please you to the extent of happiness. It is a simple way that has stood the test of years, and it has required years to perfect, and to-day it stands a monument of perfection. Thousands of men and women all over the civilized world endorse it.



This illustrates the benefits of the Harbord Method of fat reduction.

Here are a few extracts from some of their letters. One lady writes: "It is splendid. I have not quite finished the treatment yet, but I have nearly reduced the 20lbs. and have felt a lot better in health." Another lady writes: "I have removed about 10lbs. of fat, proving that your treatment is all that you can say and more. I feel it a duty to write as it is such a comfort to go out and feel I am not being laughed at for being unduly fat. Now I have no fear." A Scotch client says: "I have lost 2st. so far and I have still some of the treatment left, sleep better than I have done for years." Another writes: "I feel years younger now: your treatment seems to have given me new life. I think it is worth its weight in gold. I have lost about 2st."

The above extracts from letters are, of course, just a few, but it gives an idea of what one is to expect. Do not confound this method with the ordinary treatment for reducing weight, but if you are stout or getting stout, and want to reduce write to-day to Winifred Grace Harbord (enclosing two penny stamps to pay postage), Dept. 625, Hammond House, Hatton Garden, E.C.1, and ask for the Free Book on Weight Reduction and give the method a trial. Either it will reduce your weight or it will not, and it costs nothing if it fails. This should be good enough. Your letter will be treated quite confidentially.

Fashions from Paris

UMBRELLA FREAKS—THE CRAZE FOR THE COLLAR

UMBRELLAS are so unexpected in these days—not so much because their handles are queer and their shapes quaint, as because you never know what is in those same handles. It may be a slim tube of perfume or an ebony and ivory cigarette holder or a tiny vanity case or a set of aromatic lozenges as a precaution against la grippe.



Bechoff is making light-coloured, bolero-like bodices with bishop sleeves of crepe de Chine allied to a lace tunic opening over black velvet.

SCENT CASES.

If you see a Parisienne take a tiny crocodile case out of her bag, do not jump to the conclusion that it holds powder or a glass, for the Parfums d'Orsay are selling them with a little flat scout bottle inside filled with Fleur de France. You'll be able to see them at *The Daily Mirror* Fashion Fair next week.

LARGER AND LARGER.

Opera cloaks are all collar! They grow larger and larger and more elaborate, and when wrapped round the wearer reveal very little more than the tip of her nose. Some are quilted and buttoned up to the throat.

FIGURES AGAIN.

Slowly but surely the frock that is quite shapeless is giving way to the frock that reveals a curve or two. Most of these have tight bodices hooked up at the side, with bouffant skirts.

HATS AND STREAMERS.

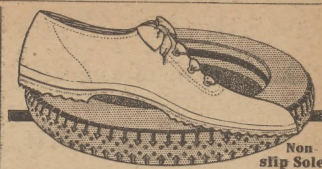
Every other hat has a streamer somewhere, unless it is veiled or draped or ketchup-covered. At the Galerie Vendôme the mushroom hats have brims covered with tiny blossoms and chiffon scarves quite half a yard wide and a yard and a half long falling on the left side and gathered into a dozen rows of the same blossom at the end.

ORGANDIE.

This summer Paris looks like being organdie mad! And the newboudant skirts allied to tight little bodices are rainbow in hue.



Another Bechoff notion is the light untrimmed bodice and deeply scalloped rose-edged skirt.



Bayside TENNIS SHOES

The smartest and most shapely of all tennis shoes; of the finest quality, giving wear without weight and holding the shape under all conditions of wear.

Make Like a Motor Tyre

With sales of Motor Tyre Rubbers, Bayside durability is assured. Flexible and resilient, the shoe gives to every movement of the foot without lessening support or sagging out of shape.

For Tennis, Boating & Holidays

The "Bayside" is unequalled. The sole, upper and other parts are, by the special Hood process, welded together under steam pressure so that they cannot separate, making practically a one-piece shoe. The Duck uppers are all canvas with no filling, and retain their smart appearance, sun or salt water having no effect upon them. Made in all sizes, in the latest fashion for Men, Ladies and Children. Price per pair, 6/11. Men, Misses 5/6, Child's 4/11.

Also in Child's and Misses Sandal pattern at same prices.

THE CLYDE

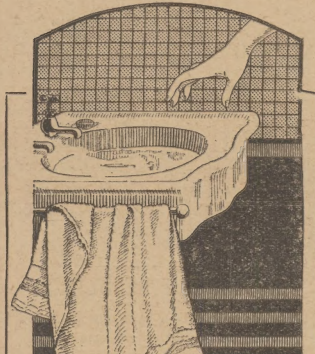
The second quality Bayside. Made on similar lines, with finest quality Duck uppers and the famous Hood Tyre Sole. In all sizes for Men, 5/11. Women, 4/11; Misses, 4/6; Child's, 3/11.



If any difficulty in obtaining these shoes write direct for name of nearest retailer.

HOOD RUBBER CO. (London)

(Proprietors, C. W. Randall & Co., Ltd.)
141, High St., Shoreditch, E.1



With a reputation of over fifty years

OSMAN

TOWELS AND BATH-SHEETS

are delightfully soft, unusually absorbent, and wear longer than the ordinary kind though costing no more.

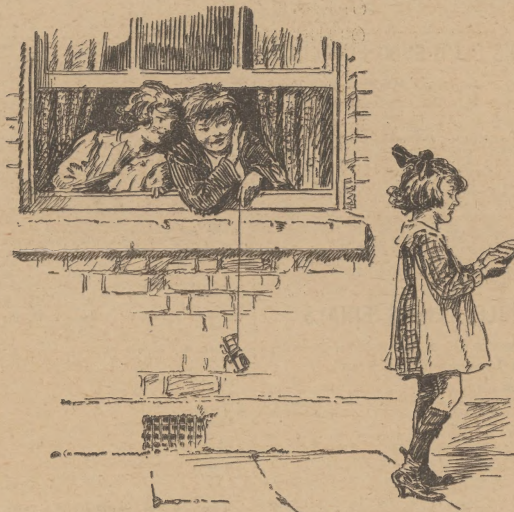
They withstand constant washing and never become harsh or yellow.

Made to an unvarying standard of quality they give unvarying satisfaction.

See the small red tab "Osman" on every towel.

From all leading drapers, stores and house furnisheers.

The range of sizes is extensive and complete, and the prices no higher than for ordinary kinds.

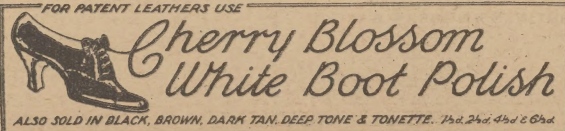


"She's got a party at her house to-morrow night; that Mansion Polish is for the Furniture."

MANSION POLISH

quickly gives a beautiful mirror-like surface to Furniture, Stained or Parquet Floors and Linoleum

SOLD IN TINS, 4d., 7d., 1/- and 1/9.



FOR PATENT LEATHERS USE

Cherry Blossom
White Boot Polish

ALSO SOLD IN BLACK, BROWN, DARK TAN, DEEP TONE & TONETTE. 1st, 2nd, 4th & 6th

Would you like more leisure?

You can cut out at least one job—the very worst of all jobs, for ever, by using Harpic, the only safe lavatory cleanser. Just use Harpic in the W.C. Bowl at night, flush in the morning, and the porcelain is sparkling white. No scouring, no labour, no brush. Harpic removes all stains and encrustations, is the same time-cleansing bi-alkali trap a d'pice, from house to main. Harpic does not injure any sanitary fix or fitting. A 6d. tin will do many cleanings, while a 1/5d. tin is even more economical. GET A TIN TO-DAY. Of all Chemists, Ironmongers, Grocers and Oilsellers. Book branches and all large stores. If your dealer does not stock, send his name and address, we send you a free sample.

The Only Safe Lavatory Cleanser

HARPIC

Dept. 15 A.H. Harpic Manufacturing Co.
1 Avenue Road, London, S.E.5.

Don't be without

OVEN-O.

It will clean your Gas Cooker easily in ten minutes, and everything else in the kitchen. Being a paste, there is no waste with "Oven-O."

You save a third of your gas bills by keeping your gas cooker and cooking utensils clean.

Richmond's recommend "Oven-O." for cleaning "Bungalow" and other cookers. It is also recommended by the Anglo-American Oil Co. Ltd., for "Valor Perfection" Oil Stoves and Heaters.

Just try a small tin and watch results.

HUGH McCREA, Ltd.,
Great Northern House, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1



6d. and 1/-

Also in 7-lb. tins at reduced prices. At all Stores, Ironmongers, Grocers and Oilsellers, unobtainable, send 10d. for trial tin post free.

BOWOOD'S VICTORY FOR THE KING AT PONTEFRAC

Fourth Win in Succession for Pombal.

FAVOURITES FAIL.

To-day's Se'ctions for Lingfield, Pontefract and Eglinton.

Lingfield Park and Pontefract races were in opposition yesterday, and both meetings provided interesting racing. Sixty-four runners competed at Lingfield and sixty-eight at the Yorkshire fixture. At Pontefract the King's colours were carried to the fore by Bowood. Other features of the day were:

Racing.—Pombal won his fourth race of the season at Lingfield. He made all the running in the Chiddingstone Plate.

Golf.—Both Ted Ray (Osney) and F. C. Jewell (North Middlesex) equalled record in the professional competition at Roehampton yesterday with scores of 69.

BUSY RACEGOERS.

Prospects for Lingfield, Pontefract and Eglinton.

By BOUVIERE.

Lingfield and Pontefract are joined by the opening of the Eglinton meeting this afternoon, but the Scottish gathering will attract little attention this side of the border. Nor does the racing at Pontefract promise to rise to the heights it did yesterday, so Lingfield should come into its own again.

Roman Bachelor runs for the Spring Stakes, and, unless Monarch has altogether mended his ways, only the equally uncertain Collaborator appears to threaten the slightest danger. Collaborator effected one real surprise at the beginning of last season at Newmarket, and his Ascot victory left no doubt that he is a great horse.

SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.			
LINGFIELD.		WOODSIDE LAD.	
2.20—LADY DIANA.	3.20—	3.20—	
2.50—ROMAN.	3.20—	3.20—	
PONTFRAC.		AMERICUS BOY.	
3.15—ROSE POINT.	3.45—	3.45—	
3.15—SARGON.	3.45—	3.45—	
EGLINTON.		HOLY WAR.	
2.40—PHANTOM BOY.	4.15—	4.15—	
DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.			
SARGON and AMERICUS BOY.			

horse at his best and in the mood, but we know Roman Bachelor is fit, and I think he will make slight amends for his Lincoln failure.

Lady Diana, a winner over the course, does not appear to have a lot to do in the Kenley Handicap, and Back Star is much expected to atone for a narrow defeat at Kempton in the Magdon Plate.

Several smart sprinters are engaged in the £1,000 Carleton Handicap at Pontefract. Drury, who missed an engagement last week, is expected to go clear. Collaborator has longer handling than even Weston could manage at Lincoln and Liverpool, and Canary Seed carries Lord Lascelles' colours with distinct hopes on her best form.

I have a wholesome respect for Drury, but a slight preference for Sargon, who is reported to have been well galloped.

Beda, a runaway winner at Newcastle, carries her penalty in the Hamilton Handicap, and Newmarket folk vote a good thing for Giant, an opinion with which I am inclined to agree.

COURSE AND TRAINING NEWS.

Points from Tattersall's, the Track and the Paddock.

P. Jones will be riding at Newbury to-morrow.

J. Leach rides Americus Boy in the Four Elms Maiden Plate at Lingfield to-day.

Granelly runs in the Newbury Cup on Saturday. In all probability Donoghue will have the mount. Weatherane will carry the royal livery with R. A. Jones in the saddle.

In a seven furlong trial on the Lincolnshire yesterday, Captain Bewick's Stick in the Mid heat Bridge of Dun, Vindictive and Viceroy. Won by a length and a half; half a length second and third.

Some of the starters in the Spring Stakes at Lingfield to-day are: Monarch (Whalley), Roman Bachelor (Owen), Collaborator (Donoghue), and Heliope (G. Smith).

Jockeys' engagements at Pontefract to-day are: Victoria Stakes—Tanning Mon (Thwaites), Kirkby Handicap—Dart Up (P. Jones), Juvenile Selling—Little Red Rat (P. Jones), Darnholm (Thwaites), Carleton Handicap—Nabob (Thwaites) Drury (Bridges).

The King and Queen intend to be present at Newbury races to-morrow and Saturday. His Majesty has Ernie, a colt by White Eagle—Caswell, engaged in the Beekhampton Two-Year-Old Plate to-morrow, and Weatherane in the Newbury Spring Cup on Saturday.



Ala Mitchell, who had a record round in the qualifying stages of the Roehampton golf tournament yesterday.

Mrs. Edgington, who qualified for the final of the women's singles at the Queen's Club tennis tournament.

FIRST ROYAL VICTORY.

Bowood Wins by a Head at Pontefract—Pharos Well Beaten.

Pontefract races rose to quite giddy heights yesterday. Bowood, close up to fourth in the Queen's Prize at Kempton, gained the first royal victory of the season by winning the New Stands Handicap, and the Derby colt, Pharos, and the Oaks filly, Silver Grass, were found wanting in the first public trial for the classics.

Jazz Band was backed as the very big danger to Bowood, and such he proved. With Henry of Richmond Thwates drew right away at the outset, and it was only in the last few strides that Bowood got up to the accompaniment of roars of cheering, to win by a head from Jazz Band.

Silver Grass especially gave a very disappointing display, and although Lord Derby's colt made a bit of a flutter entering the straight he never appeared likely to catch the Irish colt, and eventually lost second place to Portunus.

Like Pharos, Friar found the mile too severe and finished last behind Silver Grass. The King's Mares made their debut in the Spring Two-Year-Old Plate. She is on the small side, but is a nice filly and went down in good style. She was well away in a struggling start, but was caught in the last furlong by Sword Play and beaten by a length and a half.

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THEIR OPPORTUNITY LOST

Sunderland's Championship Chance Gone—Spurs W n at Bolton.

Sunderland lost their first home match of the season, and practically their last chance of gaining the championship, when they met Sheffield United at Roker yesterday.

Some amazingly fine football was seen in this game. Buchan led off with two goals for Sunderland. Then Johnson and Brasley equalised, but Buchan placed Sunderland ahead.

Johnson equalised again and eventually Sponny gave Sheffield the lead and Johnson scored the fifth after the interval.

Sheffield, who were well served by their reserve left wing, were much the faster side.

The Spurs registered a capital victory by two clear goals at Bolton. Both sides had several reserves on duty. Barnett (outside right) and Madison in goal, were deputies in the ranks of the Spurs.

In the first half the Wanderers were the more active team, but Donough scored five minutes before the end and Cantrell added the second in the last minute.

DERBY ON TOP.

Bury Now Practically Out of the Running in Race for Promotion.

Down to yesterday Bury had just a remote chance of gaining promotion; they lost it on the Basell ground when Derby County beat them by the only goal of a hard game.

Some fine football was shown in the opening exchanges, which were very even, but Robbie missed a great chance for Bury, while Hulley saving from Murphy and Moore had left his chance.

Galloway scored for Derby ten minutes after the resumption and after that the home team did all the promising.

At Southampton, where Manchester United were visitors a poor game was witnessed in which neither team scored.

Some had several difficult shots to stop, and he beat out several hard drives from Brown in fine style. Play was more lively in the second half when South and Derby had a hard struggle.

Another incident of the third hour beyond the reach of even Mitchell with two full shots. F. C. Jewell, of the North Middlesex Club, obtained it. He equalled the record for the course in the morning round.

F. M. C.

W. L. Ritchie, A. Boomer, R. G. Wilson and C. H. Gadd had to play off for the sixteenth place over nine holes, and Ritchie won with a score of 36.

After the much play stages commencing to-day is: Mitchell v. Johns, Seymour v. Frostick, Jewell v. Corlett, Taylor v. John, Duncan v. Ray, Jolly v. Hard, Miles v. Bailey, Ritchie v. H. G. Mitchell found difficulty with his putting in the morning. Six times he required three to hole out, but his driving was as prodigious as ever, and was told by one who had been at pains to measure his tee shots that they had averaged over 250 yards.

In beating the record of the course Mitchell went home in 31, having five consecutive threes from the tenth to the fourteenth inclusive.

Ritchie, who is usually an exceptionally heavy driver, also drove fairly and his putting was uniformly good.

DUNCAN'S QUIET CONFIDENCE.

Just as fine was the play of J. H. Taylor. George Duncan played in his quiet, confident style, as if he were content to play merely well enough to qualify.

At any rate he was a good player, and his works. Perhaps he is reserving those for his opponents to-day.

McKendrick, holder of the cup, had an unerring experience in the morning. Misjudging the second shot to the home hole the ball finished on the carriage drive.

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MITCHELL'S RECORD.

Wonderful Golf in Roehampton Qualifying Tournament.

TAYLOR AND RAY IN FORM.

Wonderful scoring marked the first of the professional golf tournaments at Roehampton yesterday. Both Mitchell and Ray, with a score of 67, beat the record of the course by two strokes, and tied at the head of the field with Edward Ray, who had brilliant rounds of 69 and 70.

Moreover, out of sixty-six competitors as many as seventeen returned scores of 72 or better in the morning.

Yesterday's play was in a 36-hole qualifying competition for the match play which takes place to-day and to-morrow.

TIE FOR LAST PLACE.

W. L. Ritchie, A. Boomer, R. G. Wilson and C. H. Gadd had to play off for the sixteenth place over nine holes, and Ritchie won with a score of 36.

After the much play stages commencing to-day is: Mitchell v. Johns, Seymour v. Frostick, Jewell v. Corlett, Taylor v. John, Duncan v. Ray, Jolly v. Hard, Miles v. Bailey, Ritchie v. H. G. Mitchell found difficulty with his putting in the morning. Six times he required three to hole out, but his driving was as prodigious as ever, and was told by one who had been at pains to measure his tee shots that they had averaged over 250 yards.

In beating the record of the course Mitchell went home in 31, having five consecutive threes from the tenth to the fourteenth inclusive.

Ritchie, who is usually an exceptionally heavy driver, also drove fairly and his putting was uniformly good.

DUNCAN'S QUIET CONFIDENCE.

Just as fine was the play of J. H. Taylor.

George Duncan played in his quiet, confident style, as if he were content to play merely well enough to qualify.

At any rate he was a good player, and his works. Perhaps he is reserving those for his opponents to-day.

IT'S A NOTE - FROM JEFF. HE SAYS HE PASSED THE SCOTLAND YARD EXAM. O.K., AND IS NOW A SCOTLAND YARD SERGEANT!

SIR SIDNEY: DID YOU USE YOUR INFLUENCE AT SCOTLAND YARD TO GET JEFF TO PASS?

RIGHTO: THE INSPECTOR AGREED TO PASS JEFF. OLD DEAR IE. HE ANSWERED HALF OF THE QUESTIONS CORRECTLY. QUITE IRREGULAR BUT HE DID IT AS A FAVOR TO ME, MUM!

BUT JEFF IS SO STUPID: HOW MANY QUESTIONS WERE THERE IN THE EXAM?

THE INSPECTOR ASKED - JEFF ONLY TWO QUESTIONS: THE FIRST QUESTION WAS - "WHAT IS THE CAPITAL OF ENGLAND?" AND JEFF SAID "NEW YORK" WHICH WAS WRONG!

YES, YES, GOON!

THEN HE ASKED "WHAT IS THE CIRCUMFERENCE OF THE WORLD?" - AND JEFF SAID HE DIDN'T KNOW!

? - AND THAT WAS RIGHT. SO JEFF GOT A MARK OF 50%

30, news bulletin; 7.40, orchestra; 7.45, Mr. A. J. Williams (baritone); 7.55, orchestra; 8, "A Song of the Sea," by Mr. Shurmer, B.A.; 8.15, orchestra; 8.30, Mr. A. J. Williams; 8.35, "Mr. Everyman"; 8.45, orchestra.

"DAILY MIRROR"

FASHION FAIR

HOLLAND PARK HALL

OPENS ON MONDAY.

Molly Plays Truant : See amusing pictures on p. 13

The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

OUR FASHION FAIR

WILL BE THE

SENSATION OF THE

LONDON SEASON.

THE PRINCE AGAIN PLACED IN HUNT STEEPLECHASE



The Prince of Wales (on right) taking the water jump on Little Christy at the Vale of White Horse Hunt meeting at Castle Hill, Blunsdon, near Swindon, yesterday. He finished second.

SMART FROCK FOR TENNIS



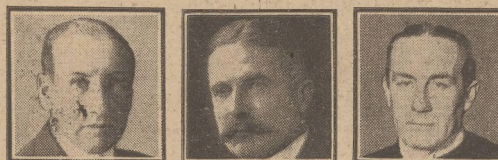
A smart tennis frock with one of the new Kachin satchels, scarlet in colour. The hat and parasol both match the satchel. This is a new and charming model by Pina (Daily Mirror photograph.)



Mr. Taylor Platt and his bride.



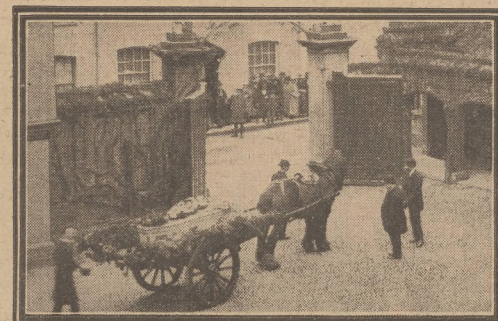
DISPUTE OVER DOG.—Mrs. Conway Evans, of Shepherd's Bush, and her Pekinese dog, Peke Clan Wee Wu, which is the subject of a slander action brought by her against Mr. Theo Marples (right).



CABINET FORM-MATES.—Left to right, Sir Robert Sanders, Minister of Agriculture, Lord Peel, Secretary for India and Mr. Stanley Baldwin, Chancellor of the Exchequer. All three, Sir Robert has stated in a speech, were born in 1867 and were in the same form at Harrow at the same time.



THEATRICAL WEDDING.—Mr. Stanley Vilven, one of the cast of "Polly," at the wedding yesterday of Mr. E. Taylor Platt, the theatrical manager, and Miss Hilda Glynn, the actress, at St. Martin-in-the-Fields (Daily Mirror photograph).



PEER'S FARM-CART FUNERAL.—The coffin of the late Lord Bidolph being taken from Ledbury Park on a newly-painted red and yellow farm cart. Estate workmen were bearers.